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On the Character of the German Operetta. From "Das Deutsche Singspiel," &c., by H M. SCHLETTERER.

Translated by KATHARINE FRANCES RAYMOND.

While we may say of the grand opera, that it arose from a union of tragedy and music, so we may regard the Singspiel as an alliance between music and comedy. This musical melodrama, or operetta, is usually of lesser dimensions than the opera, its subjects ordinarily taken from common life, its meaning worked out in a facile manner; its characters,-although they should always be poetically sustained,-such as we are not unlikely to encounter in the street or in society. While it voluntarily renounces the purely lofty and ideal, but without giving up a certain idealization, it moves principally in a national, civic, or rustic sphere. Music is ordinarily interspersed with dialogue; but this is not its principal distinction from the opera, for in Italian operettas there is no dialogue. This interchange of song with speech, always unpleasant to the ear, necessarily concentrates all the lyric element in the musical numbers, and this causes the prose to appear still more prosaic. This clinging to dialogue is only explicable by the bad pronunciation of our singers, which, in uninterrupted song, would render the text, and consequently the whole business of the piece, unintelligible. Originally, when the operetta was rather a comedy interspersed with singing, it was customary to excuse the introduction of the vocal pieces by a general summons to sing, or by the reminder that a promise to sing something had been given, &c. As the necessity for vocal numbers of greater consequence became felt, concerted pieces and finales were added to the songs and ariettas.

The character of operetta music is above all things national, intelligible, pleasing and simple; half gay, half pathetic, finely or broadly comic, it is yet pre-eminently the servant of joy. The business should move forward in a quick and lively manner; the characters must be distinctly marked; poet and composer must never forget that they are working for the general public. The former must know how to invent popular forms with facility; the latter must clothe them in natural and familiar expression. The operetta soon became the rendezvous of the fabulous and wondrous-although not in the sense of the later romanticists-of the pathetic and comic; an extract of drama, spectacle, comedy, and farce. Knights and squires, witches and kobolds, fairies and enchanters, shoemakers and barbers, doctors and apothecaries, fools and pedants, dunces and sharpers, tender lovers and kind-hearted or blustering uncles, sympathizing aunts and quarrelsome cousins, nephews, nieces, and wards, servants, peasants, soldiers; such are the characters which it presents to us. Always a child of its day, no matter how serious may be its object, it is never without cheerful and comic elements. But as comicality always changes with time and place, and is only a reflection of the general grade of cultivation in the public, we may understand the sometimes almost incredible success and immediate fall into oblivion of most of these works; and as they are nearly always written with a view to passing occurrences, and grow up exclusively from the time, which gives them their enlivening elements, judgment and valuation of them is difficult. He who has not lived, and even felt at home in the living, feeling, thinking of a certain period of a certain people, yes, sometimes even of a certain city, can never obtain a broad and unfailing judgment upon these peculiar musical creations.

The great mass of the public turned with exclusive preference to the operetta. If a great part of any audience is willingly moved to tears, to admiration, to deep emotion, even to a feeling of horror,-still, those characteristics which are the distinctive mark of the grand opera, and which lend to it its principal charm, such as lofty and powerful characters, proud kings, and bloodthirsty tyrants, rebels and heroes, violent and unfettered passions, battles, pompous decorations, &c., will never eventually outweigh the attractions of the operetta. Jest and caprice, wit and humor, tenderness and roguish mischief, love's torments and nonsensical jokes, patriotism and homely prudence, apparitions and wonders that are not too alarming or inexplicable, all the small but essential parts, from which the operetta takes its graceful and alluring form, are certain to obtain the victory. At the same time, the true operetta is never defiled with the vulgarities of low life; it preserves, or should preserve, under all circumstances and even in its broadest humor, a character of refinement, elegance, attraction, and perhaps of elevation and nobleness. The very nature of music is an assistance of peculiar value to subjects of this mixed kind; for although at one moment it seems exactly suited to the expression of passion, pathos, or gaiety, the next instant it lends additional force to clever farce, and gives such a charm to the comic and laughable, that its power goes far beyond that of speech, pantomime, or dance. Certainly, to a nice and correct use of music, a fine tact and an intelligent handling of means must be united. It would be a ridiculous violation of good taste, should a composer, in order to enhance a comic effect, imitate in music the bray of the donkey, for example. True musical comic effect lies in a witty and whimsical contrast between jest and earnest, in childlike, naïve delineation of intricate yet cheerful moods of humor, and of the pleasing accidents of ordinary life. But in spite of all these acquirements, the musical drama remains simple, modest, unassuming, as if sprung from a cheerful mind, intelligible and national. Making no pretentions to the finer and more subtle artistic form of the grand opera, neither does it ask the highest qualifications from its representants.

It is a pity that operetta composition has almost gone out of fashion in our day. Our composers will write nothing but grand operas, musical dramas full of unfathomable originality, mod-

els of astonishing effects. And even when one of our masters has written a work that is nothing more than an operetta, a Singspiel, he will not condescend to baptize it as such. It is true that the composers of our day are deficient in those requisites necessary to the production of a successful operetta; facile invention, flowing melody, natural song, measured, unsought, and yet original expression, and clever technic. Here, in short, there is no question of creations that aim at immortality, a by-path into which one is so apt to stray when a great work is undertaken (though it would be wrong to say that an immortal operetta is an impossibility); here new and undreamed of harmonies are not to be revealed, or as yet unexisting combinations of chords to be invented: here the most refined orchestral combinations are matters of secondary consideration. The dramatic music of to-day is, with some rare exceptions, the product of reflection, calculation, and effort; in the fullest sense of the word, a child of sorrow. Gone is the enchanting humor, the roguish caprice, the naïve naturalness, the penetrating, exciting nationality of the past.

One consequence of this desire for originality, this stifling reflective force of our day, is a great parsimony in the production of extensive works, which is the more to be regretted, as it is but seldom that one of the few that are brought out here and there attains a thoroughly genuine success. It was very different formerly. The true operetta composer, carelessly throwing new and merry tunes to the wind every day, was able to create innumerable works; the charge of overwriting, which people are so ready now-a-days to lay to the account of every productive talent, was not then so quickly pronounced upon the man who, working swiftly, did not suffer eternal labor pains, and who wished to move his audience to other feelings than those of fatigue and satiety. Children of their time, and thoroughly fitted to that day alone, the operettas, that once warmed our fathers to rapture and enthusiasm, have disappeared almost without a trace in the shadows of oblivion. It is seldom that we encounter one of them in pianoforte arrangement or an old score; still more rarely do we meet such pieces on the stage; and yet, setting aside the fact that we find much that is antiquated iu them-it must necessarily be the case with such works-we cannot refuse our respect to these, for us, almost fabulous masters, on account of their powers, their knowledge, and the robust substance that even our over-strained demands must recognize in their music, which it is impossible for us to hear without receiving a deep impression, in spite of all our prejudices. Compare this music of then and now, and who can resist a sentiment of melancholy?

Among the many composers belonging to the flourishing period of German operetta, twenty or thirty of them, such as Von Klauer and Wenzel Müller, left nearly 200 pieces behind them. What a power of creation, what imagination, what freshness of intellect must be required

to form such a multitude of musical works! It would be unfair to use the strictest judgment in regard to the separate achievements of such immense productivity, and it would be absurd to expect perfection and value in all of them; much is worked out easily and superficially, but almost every work of the above named composers bears witness to the talent, versatility, and even a certain geniality in them; as a proof of this, I need, to be credited, merely mention the "Doctor and Apothecary," "Little Red-cap," "The Nymph of the Danube," "The Devils' Mill," "The Sisters of Prague," &c.

If we speak a word here in favor of works, and, of an aim, such as the composers of our day regard with little esteem, and even with contempt, let us not be misunderstood. We also are thoroughly convinced, that art in general, and music in particular, does not exist merely to flatter the senses, to lend an added charm to the passing moment, to be made use of as an opportunity of empty enjoyment, of indulging caprice or fashion. No, the end and scope of music is higher and holier. But let us not forget, that while lofty and earnest striving is the particular vocation of art, it is also her mission to brighten and beautify our poor existence with flowers of joy, to dissipate our cares, to animate us to new industry; and that when she thus becomes the provider of noble pleasure, she fulfils by no means the smaller part of her purpose. The providential foresight that gifted us with the blessing of art, intended her to be a consoler, a joy bestower, a graceful and enlivening associate in our lives. From this point of view, the German operetta has as perfect a right to exist, as the children of spring, and the brilliant butterflies that dream away their short hours of life within and about their chalices. If we acknowledge this, we must doubly regret that the freezing coldness and dryness of our day should stand in the way of a new growth and bloom of operatic music; and we must hope that a less blase public, one with more capacity for enjoyment, and less pretentious, and more easily productive composers than we now possess, will again turn their sympathy and attention to this genre of composition.

The text of the German operetta was often translated from the Italian, French, and English. Our German authors found great difficulty in attempting to attain the experience and acquaintance with the stage which we find in the libretto poets of other nations, both in regard to invention and execution; indeed, we may say, that they are, even to-day, nothing but pupils of the others. The poetic humor of the English, the airy grace of the French, the jovial merriment of the Italian, are equally removed from them. What they themselves invented was only too often blunt, trivial, incongruous, and disconnected. The music of the old German operetta is usually far better than the text; and perhaps one reason why they are not fully enjoyable to us, lies in the fact that the plot, the action, the whole invention and arrangement of them strikes us as stupidly contradictory. But a need for them existed; the public wanted to see and hear, the musician to compose them; so they took hold of anything; and no composer was unwilling to set to music, anew, a text that others had frequently composed for before him. Manifold were the new musical settings by many composers to operetta texts by Brandes, Bretsner, Gotter, Michaelis, and especially Göthe.

Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition Published by Breitkopf & Hartel.

BY OTTO JAHN. (Continued from page 403.)

Beethoven had an idea, on various occasions, of publishing a collective edition of his works him-self. In the year 1816, a proposal was made him, by the firm of Hoffmeister in Leipsic, to bring out an edition of all his pianoforte compositions. but nothing came of it. No better result followed his negotiations with Steiner and Co., of Vienna, who wished to take his collected works, and bind him to make over exclusively to them. for a certain stipulated tariff of remuneration, all that he might subsequently write. But Beethoven never abandoned his purpose. In the year 1820, he still entertained it, as is proved by the Note-Books; and in the summer of 1825 he wrote to the music-publisher, Peters, of Leipsic, after placing at his disposal several unpublished compositions: "More than all this I have at the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive; I have, it is true, had many proposals made me, but there were difficulties scarcely to be removed by me, and which I neither would nor could fulfil. In two years, nay, possibly in one year, or in a year and a half, I would, with the requisite assistance, manage, or entirely edit, the publication of the work, and furnish a new composition of each kind, for instance, a new book of Variations in the Variations, a new book of Sonatas in the Sonatas, and so on, for every kind in which I have ever done anything, a new book; and for all this, together, I demand ten thousand florins, sterling coin." is not quite clear whether, in this instance, any thing more than a collection of the pianoforte compositions was intended, but the idea of a more extensive undertaking was entertained by Matthias Artaria. It appears from the negotiations carried on between him and Beethoven towards the end of the year 1823, that he desired to begin with the publication of the works for pianoforte alone; these were to be followed by the compositions with accompaniment, a volume of about thirty sheets to appear every month, and all the overtures to be in score; nothing is mentioned about Symphonies or vocal music. As Beethoven did not close with this project, an old and tried friend. Andreas Streicher, addressed him, tried friend. Andreas Streicher, addressed him, in the September of the following year, a fresh proposition. "I have frequently reflected on your position," he writes, "and especially how and in what way you might derive greater advantages from your extraordinary talent. I now take the liberty of submitting this to you, and, actuated by genuine good feeling, beg that you will subject to serious consideration what you read here." The first proposal relates to regular subscription concerts, to be got up in the winter by Beethoven. "The second thing I propose, which it depends entirely on you to carry out, and which, if carried out, must bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin, or 25,000 florins Viennese—is an edition of all your works, like the edition got up by Mozart, Haydn, and Clementi, of theirs. This edition would be announced, too, as to be published by subscription, or for prepayment, and, according to the number of persons paying beforehand, an agreement concluded with the publisher who offered the most advantageous terms. If in your announcement you mention, 1: that you intend to alter here and there, and arrange for the instruments now in use, all the pianoforte compositions written previously to the introduction of pianofortes of 5 1-2 octaves, and if, 2: you add to the pianoforte things some few unpublished works, this edition ought to be regarded as a completely fresh and newly composed work, and would have to be purchased even by those possessing your earlier works. The affair cannot possibly occasion so much trouble for you not to be able to undertake it. It is a duty you owe yourself, your nephew, for whom you can then more easily do something, and posterity. Receive what has been said as the sentiments of a friend, who has known you for quite six-and-thirty years,

and whom nothing would so much delight as to see you free from anxiety." Like all other advice, this friendly counsel was prevented by Beethoven's want of resolution in practical matters from being carried into execution, though the project of a collective edition was always cherished, being made, in the year 1826, the subject of verbal negotiation with Schlesinger of Berlin, during his visit to Vienna, and afterwards of written negotiation with Schott of Mayence, but, as usual, without any result.

We need scarcely regret this want of practical results, for an edition, as pertect and dependable as that now offered us, would then have been hardly possible. No one would have had the courage to publish in score all the vocal compositions, headed by Fidelio; the great instrumental works; and the Concertos. It seems as though the unusual surcess achieved by the performances of the A major Symphony and of the Battle Symphony in 1812 and 1814, first caused it to appear practicable at once to publish symphonies in score, for at that time they used to be lithographed in a rather modest form. The subsequent compositions of the same kind were also immediately published in score, but the scores of by far the majority of the earlier Symphonies, Overtures, and Quartets, now to be found on the desk of every student in a Conservatory, were printed by, degrees, and most of them not till after Beethoven's decease; the score of Fidelio was first printed, with a French translation, in Paris, and then, but not till long afterwards, by Simrock in Bonn.

The fact of Beethoven's taking an active share in the publication would have been attended by incalculable advantages in various important re spects, and many difficulties, at present not to be solved, would never have existed as such; but there is cause for fearing that it would have been followed also by a considerable drawback, for Beethoven had a notion of lengthening certain parts of his compositions. We have already mentioned one species of alterations. A considerable number of the earlier pianoforte works are written for instruments of only five octaves, and we cannot help perceiving that, in many instances, this limited compass fettered the efforts of the composer. We can plainly see that in cases where a melody or passage is repeated in a position where the instrument is not high enough to reproduce it perfectly, changes have been necessitated by merely material obstacles. Many of the cases are so clear and simple that any judicious player can now himself make the transposition which is undoubtedly required. But in other places it is at least uncertain whether, in addition to the limited compass of the instrument, there were not other and inward motives which brought about the change, while lastly, there is no deficiency of passages, where the alteration, even when occasioned by material necessity, has called forth some new beauty, or lent the whole a peculiar charm, which no one would now like to relinquish. A thorough revision of the earlier pianoforte compositions, so that the equality of parallel passages, such as some persons have really desired, should be strictly preserved ac-cording to the standard of the extended compass of the instruments, cannot, at present, be introduced into any edition; it is left to every player or teacher to decide what he thinks he must do to carry out Beethoven's intentions. To Beethoven himself the right of authentic interpretation would certainly have belonged; such a course of revision undertaken by him would have cut the ground from under that pedantry which pins its faith to mere literal fidelity, as well as from un-der the capricious love of alteration, and would, therefore have been valuable, even supposing that a beauty had, here and there, been sacrificed to consistency.

But it is not to be supposed that, if he had again gone through his earlier compositions, Beethoven would have limited himself to such harmless alterations, or that he would always have made no others. It is well-known that, in after years, he was not at all contented with many of them; he allowed that they were marked by "a certain amount of talent and good intention," but

he grew angry if any one praised them. When, in the year 1814, he again took up his opera Fi-delio, he wrote to Treitschke, the dramatic author: "But the whole operatic business is of most wearisome description in the world, for I am dissatisfied with most of it, and there is scarcely a piece in which I should not have been obliged, here and there, to patch my present dissatisfac-tion with some sort of satisfaction." It is fair to assume that the pianoforte compositions would not have met with very different treatment, and the discrepancy between the conception and the realization would, no doubt, have come out with incomparably greater sharpness. However much magnificent new matter might have been introduced in detached cases, the works which not only marked the development of the composer's mind, but had become the common property of the musical public, whose education had been essentially advanced by them, would have been altered, and this would have been a certain loss, while the gain would have been doubtful. When an artist has once given his work to the public, and, through it, exercised a decided and permanent influence, he can no longer claim uncondi-tional sovereignty over it; what strikes him, looking at the subject in the light of subsequent ideas, as an undoubted amelioration, in very few instances proves to be such, because the public have already taken a different position with regard to the work, and that position they maintain even when the originator himself of the work is concerned; very frequently, too, they are, in this, guided by the proper instinct for the some-thing which operated in those works with primi-tive strength, and which they will not allow to be weakened by isolated ameliorations. The existence of genuine creative genius is, it is true, demonstrated by self-criticism going hand-in-hand with production—and, perhaps, in this respect especially, Beethoven is one of the most remarkable and glorious examples we have-this criticism, however, is inseparable from the process of creation; the one permeates the other; but towards a work of art when finished, and sent forth to the world, the criticism of the originator is not seldom partial. To what a depth, however er, Beethoven was capable of introducing the critical knife is evident from the single fact that, as Schindler informs us, he seriously entertained the idea of entirely omitting Menuet and Scherzo from several Sonatas, in order, as he said, to attain greater unity!

(To be Continued.)

From Novello's Musical Times, Feb. 1.

Two Musical Biographies.

the German

Louis Spohr's Autobiographs London: Longman & ('e

Furioso; or Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethov From the German, Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & London: Bell & Dalby,

SPOHR.

Of the two works lying before us, the life of Spohr undoubtedly claims our principal attention. Not only because, unlike the second on our list, it traces only because, unlike the second on our list, it traces the life of a great artist from birth to death, but because it is an autobiography, and consequently liable to no shadow of doubt as to its authenticity. Spohr's own hand traces his career from his childhood to the year 1838; and from this date to the time of his death the events are narrated from diaries kept by his wife, and reliable materials furnished by

kept by his wife, and reliable materials furnished by other members of his family.

The eaily life of Spohr showed that genius such as he possessed must break through all the barriers opposed to his progress. His father had originally intended him for the medical profession; but having purchased a violin at the yearly fair, his enthusiastic little son practised upon it so vigorously that he soon learned to play the melodies he had been accustomed to sing; and after receiving a few lessons from Herr Riemenschneider, he relates that he was so elated at the sound he could produce simultaneously on all the sound be could produce simultaneously on all four strings that he hastened into the kitchen to his mother, and arpeggioed the chord to her so incesmother, and arpeggioed the chord to her so inces-santly that she drove him out of the room. After various hard battles with his grandfather, "whose idea of a musician," he says, "was limited to that of a tavern fiddler who played to dances," he was al-lowed to take lessons in composition: and produced, at a very early age, duets for two violins, which he played with his master at his father's musical soirées.

"To this day," he writes, "I recollect the proud feeling of being already able to appear before the friends of the house as a composer. As a reward, I received from my parents a gala dress, consisting of a red jacket, with steel buttons, yellow breeches, and laced boots with tassels, a dress for which I had long prayed in vain." It was whilst at school, too, that prayed in vain." It was whilst at school, too, that he made the first attempt at the composition of a little opera, the text of which he took from Weisse's Kwiderfreund, "It may be mentioned," he says, "as characteristic, that I began with the title-page; and first of all painted it very finely with indian ink; then followed the everture, then a chorus, then an air, and then the work came to a stand-still."

We dwell upon these trifles in the youthful days of converte heaves we have seen seen such of they

of our artist because we here see so much of that peculiar character in the child, which afterwards strengthened and developed in the man. The minuteness of attention which he bestowed upon the title-page of his juvenile opera is to be traced in the composition of his ripest works; the violin bought at the "yearly fair," laid the foundation of one of the soundest schools of violin playing the world has yet seen; and we are inclined to think that much of that inward pride in his own achievements—which too often shut out the power of duly appreciating the efforts of others—is to be seen when he strutted about in his "gala dress," given him as a reward for his performance of his own composition, which, even at a much later period of his life, he describes as "inof our artist because we here see so much of that a much later period of his life, he describes as "in-correct and childish," but possessing "a certain form

correct and childish, but possessed and a flowing melody "and a flowing melody "his patron, the Duke of Brunswick, deserves every credit for so carefully fostering the talent which he foresaw must one day make itself known throughout the world. To the great annoyance of throughout the world. throughout the world. To the great annoyance of the Duchess, who could not bear her game at Ombre to be disturbed, the young violinist continually played at the court concerts, which were given in the apartments of the Duchess; and as cards and music did not agree, a thick carpet was spread out under the orchestra to deaden the sound, the leader left out the trumpets and kettle-drums, and insisted that no forte should be played in its full strength. This expedient for enjoying the cards at the expense of the music seems to have been seldom resorted to when nusic seems to have been seldom resorted to when the Duke was present. "One day," however, Spohr writes, "when the Duke was not there, and for that reason nobody was listening to the music, the pro-hibition regarding the forte being renewed, and the dreadful carpet again spread, I tried a new concerte of my own. I can only call these performances reof my own. I can only call these performances rehearsals, because no preparation was ever made beforehand, excepting on the days upon which we knew that the Duke would be present. Engrossed with my work, which I heard for the first time with the orchestra, I quite forgot the prohibition, and played with all the vigor and fire of inspiration, so that I even carried away the orchestra with me. Suddenly, in the middle of the solo, my arm was seized by a lacquey, who whispered to me, "Her Highness sends me to tell you that you are not to scrape away so furiously." Enraged at this interruption, I played, if possible, yet more loudly; but was afterwards obliged to put up with a rebuke from the Marshal of the Court." the Marshal of the Court.

Being asked by the Duke to choose a teacher from amongst the great violinists of the day, he at once named Viotti; but on being applied to in London, it appeared that he had set up as a wine-merchant; and appeared that he had set up as a wine-merchant; and it is related of him that, on being asked by a noble-man why he had abandoned his art and become a dealer in wine, he replied, "My dear sir, I have done so simply because I find that the English like wine better than music." Ferdinand Eck, who was then in Paris, was next written to on the subject; but he declined to give lessure and executably the young. declined to give lessons; and eventually the young Spohr became a pupil of Francis Eck, a brother of the great violinist, and immediately started with him on an artistic tour to St. Petersburgh. The details of this journey are full of interest; and no doubt on his return to Brunswick his talents had so far ripened as to justify him at once in aiming at the highest position in his profession, both as a composer and an executant. During his next tour he was appointed concert-master at Gotha, where he was mar-ried to Dorette Scheidler, an eminent performer on the harp; and in his diary the account of his court-ship and betrothal is placed before the reader with that child-like simplicity which formed an integral portion of his character to the day of his death.

Whilst in the zenith of his fame, he travelled through Switzerland and Italy, giving concerts with his wife, and establishing his fame in all the principal cities. As a composer, too, he was most prolific, the journal recording the names of many works which were produced during his travels, some of which still live, but many of which have sunk into obscurity. Indeed, it is during these bright days of his early life that we cannot but see how much he

had narrowed his ideas on art; and-unlike Mendelssohn, who thirsted for fresh inspiration wherever he could find it—how thoroughly he worked on the model formed at the outset of his career, and re-garded all who departed from his standard as inhdels in art. Impatient of advice, he worked in solitude; in art. Impatient of advice, he worked in someone, and, though a giant in his strength, he was merely placidly indifferent to those who doubted it. No man perhaps ever held a higher opinion of his own man perhaps ever held a higher opinion of his own man perhaps ever held a higher opinion of his did not nowers; and even where a composition of his did not atisfy him, he could not endure that others should satisfy him, he could not endure that others should think the same. After playing one of his quartets on one occasion, Romberg said to him, "Your quartets will not do yet; they are far behind your orchestral pieces." Much as I agreed with him; Spohr continues, "yet it wounded me to hear another express that opinion. When, therefore, a few years afterwards, I wrote some quartets in Vienna, which seemed to me more worthy of my other compositions, I dedicated them to Romberg, in order to show him that I could now write quartets 'which would do.'" As a critic on contemporary composers, Spohr, as we have before mentioned, was illiberal; and, as

as we have before mentioned, was illiberal; and, as time has proved, utterly wrong. Formed on the model of Mozart, he at one e rejected all whose compositions soared beyond his ideal of the dignity of art. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was totally unable to comprehend the meaning of Beethoven's later works; and especially looked up on the ninth symphony as trivial and utt rly unworthy of being wedded to the poetry of Schiller. It will scarcely be credited that he broadly asserts, after hearing this composition, that he is now firmly con-vinced of what he before remarked in Vienna, that Beethoven is "wanting in æsthetical feeling, and in a sense of the beantiful." Weber's operas he could a sense of the beautiful." Weber's operas he could not endure; and of Rossini he remarks, that "had he been scientifically educated, and led to the only right way by Mozart's classical master-pieces, he might readily become one of the most distinguished composers of vocal music of our day; but as he now writes, he will not raise Italian music, but much rather lower it." This strange desire to cut down genius of all kinds to one recognized pattern, would seem strange indeed, were it not upon record that much of this criticism upon his fellow artists' arose, in reality, from the total want of interest he felt in in reality, from the total want of matter the contemporary composers, a fault by no means limited to Spohr, since in his own account of a meeting with Beethoven, he remarks: "He spoke of limited to Spoin, since in its own account ing with Beethoven, he remarks: "He spoke of music but very seldom; when he did, his opinions were very sternly expressed; and so decided as to admit of no contradiction whatever. In the works of others, he took not the least interest; I therefore head not the courses to show him mina."

His first journey to London, his performance at the Philharmonic Society, and his concert at the New Argyll Rooms in June, 1820, will call up many remissions of the Argyll Rooms in June, 182 Argyl Rooms in June, 1820, will call up many rem-iniscences of the state of music in England at that time; and Sir George Smart, who conducted his first concert on this occasion, will read with interest his description of the excitement in London on that morning, on account of the entry of Queen Caroline into the metropolis, to make her defence before Par-liament. That Spohr was warmly received by the lament. That Spohr was warmly received by the artists of England is fully attested by his own journal; but his meeting with Rothschild is too good to be past over, in proof of the British mercantile view of art. After glancing over the letter of recommendation which Spohr handed to him: "I have just read," he said (pointing to the Times), "that you managed your business very efficiently. But I you managed your business very efficiently. But I understand nothing of music; this is my music (slapping his purse), they understand that on the exchange. Upon which, with a nod, he terminated the audience. But just as I had reached the door, he called for me: "You can come and dine with me, too, out at my country house!'"

We omit what is said of the production of Spohr's Oratorios in England, of his death in 1859, and of the merits of his works, as matters more familiar to the reader, who is probably more curious to know what the romantic volume about Beethoven amounts to: fair game, we fancy, for one of those indignant, scorching criticisms of our friend A. W. T., whose very initials should be a caution to the sentimental romancers who trifle with the lives of great composers.

BEETHOVEN.

With every respect for the good faith of Professor Wegeler, on whose private diary the strange work called Furioso is based, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment when we find that, instead of detached passages in the life of Beethoven, the book is dressed up in the form of a narrative. It is difficult to conceive how Dr. Wolfgang Müller, to whom the diary was presented by Professor Wegeler in his last

illness, could have gained the knowledge of Beethiness, could nave gained the knowledge of Deci-hoven's thoughts, feelings and actions, day and night; and have the power of relating conversations with individuals at all times, when, according to Wegeler's own account, he was not himself present. opening chapter of the book is conventional gh to usher in a common-place Romance. enough "One bright June morning," it commences, "in the year 1782, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven Mountains, lying between Königswinter and the Oelberg, a slight, well-grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period." The slight, well-grown youth is Professor Wegeler, who, in his wanderings in search of plants and insects, is overtaken by a violent thunderplants and macets, is overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. The rain poured down in great heavy drops," (we are told), "the lightning was incessant, whilst the convulsed atmosphere sought relief in con-tinued discharges of thunder." In the midst of this deluge of rain, Wegeler beholds "a short muscular form, whose long black hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest." The "singular individual," as he is called, unmindful of the drenching he was receiving, proceeded with a stick, which he held in his right hand, to conduct the thunder storm: " Now an allegro!" he cried. A flash of lightning succeeded his command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. "Adagio maestoso!" he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. "Prestissimo furioso!" shouted the weather director; and exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his commands, now resounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony, in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another." Students of Beethoven who would wish to trace, through the pages of Dr. Wolfgang Müller, how the "child" was "father of the man," may accept this as a fair specimen of the style of the book; and we can assure them that there is no little incenuity dis played in forming a continuous story out of materials as were furnished by the simple diary of Beethoven (or "Furioso," as he is nicknamed) to Count Waldstein, who becomes his firm friend; his intimacy with the Von Breuning and Von Honrath families, with all his love affairs, are told with sur-prising accuracy; as also his interview with the Em-peror Joseph II., where he meets a "little man," with whom the Emperor is evidently on the most friendly terms.

"Have you already played Mozart's music?" de-manded Joseph of Beethoven, winking at the little

"Certainly," answered the youth.

"And what is your opinion of him?"
"That he is the most melodious, graceful, and inexhaustible master that the world has ever known," said Beethoven. "Perhaps Sebastian Bach stands higher in church music, and Handel in Oratorios; but on the stage the Salzburg composer excels even Gluck in finish, and in a characteristic representaof individuals and scenes."

After Beethoven had played an nir of Mozart's, upon which he extemporized some variations, and a pianoforte composition of his own, which the "little gentleman" pronounced "not only of the highest order, but original throughout," the climax is brought

"And your conclusive opinion of this young Bonn musician?" asked the Emperor of his com-

"He will be among the first masters of the art," he said emphatically; and he reached Beethoven his

And do you know who delivers this judgment ?"

said the Emperor, turning to the youth.

Ludwig looked steadily at the little man. "No," he answered.

"It is that of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," said the Emperor, with emphasis.

Beethoven's heart bounded within him.

The career of "Furioso" is carried on until the year 1791, when he settles down at Vienua, as Ludwig van Beethoven, at the age of twenty-one. It must not however be understood that upwards of two must not nowever be understood that upwards of two hundred pages can be filled with the bare facts to be found in Wegler's diary; so that we have, in addition to a record of Beethoven's early life, a long history of the Abbey of Heisterbach, a glance or two at the political aspect of the time, an account of the founding of Bonn University, and many other matters which keep our here waiting, and somewhat mar ters which keep our hero waiting, and somewhat mar the effect of a continuous narrative. At the gates of Vienna Beethoven is left for fifty-three years; and in the next chapter Bonn is celebrating a festival in which a statue of the great composer, who died in 1827, is to be unveiled to musical honors. Men who knew him intimately, now grown old, but fresh in their love for his genius, meet and talk openly of the great departed. Franz Liszt, the conductor, raises his staff, "and chorus and orchestra burst forth in a hymn composed in memory of Beethoven, and arranged to suitable music." The bronze figure, revealed in the full sunshine, becomes the centre of attraction to the vast multitude. "Then one long continued shout rose up to heaven." So ends the book: leaving the impatient worshinger of Beet. book; leaving the impatient worshipper of Beetbook; leaving the impatient worshipper of Beet-hoven in doubt as to his power of separating Wege-ler from Müller, so as to be justified in remembering the one and forgetting the other. We have been candid in our opinions respecting this work, because we feel that the life of an artist is a matter of the ut-most importance to art; and that no trifling with the sake of bookmaking should be permitted by those who have any power in guiding the public taste. That Furioso is of this class, we do not positively affirm; but we confess that the fine writing and melodramatic effects of Dr. Wolfgang Müllereven supposing that they were intended to ornament, and not to distort, the truth-do not prevent our regretting that the simple passages in the interesting diary of Professor Wegeler were not given to the world precisely as they were originally jotted down. We must add, in conclusion, that the work is exceedingly well translated; and that it is published in England with the full approval of Dr. Wolfgang

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. We have copied largely from the reports of the Gewandhaus Concerts; but they have interest enough to justify it: where else do we find programmes so full of choicest matter and of novelty? And now we are again indebted to the very faithful and intelligent correspondent of the London Orchestra for an account of one of the most interesting.

The fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert was one of the most enjoyable of the whole season. It commenced with Beethoven's Overture in C (Op. 124), written with Beethoven's Overture in Cop. at Baden Baden in 1832 for the opening of the theatre in the Josephstadt subarb of Vienna, which took tre in the Josephstadt subarb of Vienna, which took grand composition, only less grand than the great Leonore Overture, is, as Marx says, more fitting for the consecration of a church than for the opening of a suburban theatre. In this overture Beethoven confessedly attempts to assume Handel's style; suc cessful as he is in this, it is yet remarkable how Beethoven's individuality is everywhere to be felt; the younger giant may put on the older giant's robes, but his own figure is not to be concealed. In the rich sonority of the instrumental combinations he been especially successful in imitating his model: this is a secret, the study of which should be more inculcated; it is not to be gained by employing noisy instruments, and by an extravagant use of M's, but by an instinct for proportion, and by an instinct knowledge of the nature of each instrument or voice, so as to know what is the richest and fullest part of their registers. It is the mastery in this which makes music so effective, even when given by the handful of voices in a cathedral choir; while other composers deal with far larger masses, and even then are noisy, but not sonorous. A very curious ef fect is produced by the florid part given to the bas-soons; but to bring it out duly the parts must be doubled, as is the case in the Gewandhaus. Exciting is the effect of the accelerando which ushers in the great double fugue, and brilliant is the coda which closes the overture. The performance was admirable—very different from that which the overture had to suffer when it was first heard; then no one knew his part; the parts were full of mistakes, and the composer himself, made more anxious by his in-creasing deafness, added to the confusion by holding back the time while trying to listen to what was go

The other orchestral composition was Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 7, of Bote and Bock's edition. This is one of the symphonies which has hitherto been heard but seldom. The first movement, it is true, is somewhat antiquated, but the other three are delightful-true sparkling gems, different as is light which shines from each. So intense was the nght which shines from each. So intense was the enjoyment that a repetition of the finale was demanded; it was played with such a "will" as to show that the performers were as delighted to tell the tales udience to listen.

The instrumental solos were intrusted to Herr Concert-director Joachim, who first gave us his new Violin Concerto in G. That it was marvellously played is a matter of course; the richness of the tone, and the combined pathos and fire of the player, lead the judgment captive for a time; but impartial re-

flection decides that as a composition the concerto, interesting as it is in many parts, has not the symme-try, the completeness demanded by a work of art. As in Herr Joachim's other compositions, there is a wildness both of humor and of sadness, which seems to be innate with the Magyars; but there is also a feverish unrest, a disproportion of effect to means, which prevent unmixed enjoyment. Besides the concerto, Herr Joachim played a Barcarole and Scherzo, by Spohr, and a Bourrée and Double, and, upon being encored, the Garotte, Rondo, and Menuett (from the Sonata in E) by Bach. All of these were magnifically given: but most exquisitely equity in the sequential of the seq magnificently given; but most exquisitely beautiful of all was his playing of the Barcarole. The pleasure with which Herr Joachim was welcomed was increased by his being accompanied by his wife, who, as Fräulein Weiss, had already secured the good will of the Gewandhaus public by her fine singing. For this evening, she had selected airs from Handel's "Theodora," and Mozart's "Titus," and two Lieder "Theodora," and Mozart's "Titus," and two by Schubert, Memnon and Der Lindenbaum. Joachim has a rich mezzo-soprano, almost contralto, voice; the quality of the tone is of rare beauty; the management of the voice makes it evident at the singer has been trained in an excellent school. But far higher than any acquired powers are the mental endowments which give the special charm to this lady's singing; this was most shown in the delivery of Schubert's rarely heard Memnon song; it is long since I have listened to anything which has impressed me so deeply; such must have been the song of which the poet dreamt who first gave form to the deep mysticism of the Memnon myth.

Strongly as 1 am prejudiced against the Männerge-sang movement, I am yet quite willing to admit that if such societies are allowable anywhere, they are es-pecially so in universities; the more so when they are so well conducted as the Pauliner Gesangverein of the Leipsic University, under Dr. Lange's direction. This society has just given its annual concert in the Gewandhaus, and, as is usually the case, has brought before the public new works by men of mark. The 150th Psalm for Männerchor, and great orchestra, by Franz Lachner, is an ambitious work; but unfortunately this composer is least effective where he wants to be grand; in a graceful style, as in his Second Suite for orchestra, he is masterly; but in the Psalm,not being able to command grand thoughts, he resorts to noise; the whole tone is too secular.

Of far greater interest are the "Scenes from the Frithjof-Saga" for soli, Männerchor, and orchestra, by Max Bruch. The text is a translation of parts of Bishop Tegner's poetical version of the old legend.
The Bishop's poem has been translated into almost every European language. The events upon which it is based are said to have occurred in the 8th century, and the earliest written version dates from the 13th. The subject turns upon the persecution which the Norse hero Frithjof suffered from King Helge, because he loved laughborg, the King's sister. Herr Bruch has divided his work into six scenes; in the first we have Frithjof's return from an adventure upon which he had been sent by Helge, who had promised him Ingeborg if he were successful. In the ond we see how the hero was deceived. Helge Helge had been defeated by the old King Ring, who also is in love with Ingeborg. To save himself from utter deslove with *Ingeborg*. To save himself from utter destruction, *Helge* sends his sister to King *Ring*. In the third, *Frithjof* appears before Balder's temple; he tells the priests, who are waiting for Helge's coming, that he has slain their king, and then tears from Balder's image the golden bracelet he had given to his betrothed, but which Helge had forced from her and consecrated to the gods. In his rage he sets the temple on fire, burns down the grove, and is cursed by residual to the gods. by priests and people, and sentenced to banishment. Scene the fourth is devoted to Frithjef's departure from Norway, accompanied by his faithful followers; and the fifth, to Ingeborg's lament, who has watched the lessening sail, and caresses the falcon her lover had given her. The sixth and last scene is on the Viking's ship. Frithjef encourages his companions on the voyage, and promises to lead them to adventure and booty. Herr Bruch has made a great mistake in not adhering to his first intention of writing for a mixed chorus. Nothing but a positive necessity in the nature of the subject can justify the composer of an extended work in wilfully depriving himself of the materials essential to the construction of a perfect work of art. The higher voices are as essential to real choral writing as are the violins to orchestral. It is true that orchestral works have been composed where the violins are excluded, but the effect is heavy. In these Frithjof scenes not only might fe-male voices have been used, but there are places where they seem actually demanded, and where the effect would have infinitely gained by their employ-ment. As things are now, it may be easier to find a good Männerchor than a mixed chorus; but no musi-cian who has any love for his art, least of all one with so much talent as Herr Bruch possesses, should condescend to encourage a disastrous and downward movement. But passing over this most serious objection, the music is certainly of great, if not of equal merit. It would be disrespectful to the composer to speak in detail of a work upon which he has evidently bestowed much thought, after but a single hearing, and with no opportunity of studying it. Perhaps one of the weakest points is the want of clear, distinct melody in the solos. At the same time it is but fair to add that Ingeborg's lament is very touching. There are some fine passages in the march and chorns in the second scene, where Ingeborg is going sadly on her way to the hated King King, as also in the scene of the burning of the temple, and on board the viking's ship. The instrumentation is effective, and the whole construction is full of interest. Herr Bruch is one of the younger composers whose career is worth watching. His work was warmly applauded. The solos were carefully sung by Fräulein Thelen of the Leipsic Theatre and Herr Sagemann of the Hanover Opera, who also sang the air "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," from the "Creation."

Cologne.—On Friday last we witnessed the performance of a new opera by Ferdinand Hiller, entitled "The Deserter." The popularity which the clever composer enjoys at Cologne is so great that any new work of his is sure of a warm reception, and a deserved success; but on this occasion, the interest shown was beyond the average. So far F. Hiller had been known only to the public as a composer of serious classical music, but he has now produced a work of an entirely different character. The new opera is light in subject and composition. The scene is in a German village, and the principal characters are—Liesel, the village belle; Mehul, her betrothed; his parents, the village schoolmaster, and a messenger. The plot to our mind, has a weak point, inasmuch as a "deserter" is the hore of the piece.

much as a "descrter" is the hero of the piece.

In spite of this little drawback, the piece is full of characteristic and entertaining situations, in each of which the composer does not fail to evince the versatility of his powers. The whole is full of fresh and original melodies. Several of these delighted the audience so much that they were most enthusiastically redemanded, and at the end of each of the three acts the composer (who, by the by, conducted as usual) was loudly called for, and, as he appeared before the curtain, was crowned with laurels; for real, substantial bays were thrown to him from all sides.

HANOVER. JOACHIM, the violinist, a great favorite of the old king, has resigned his position as Concert-director. The London Musical World has sifted the matter and arrives at the following explanation.

After Herr Kömpel, the Chamber-Musician, had

After Herr Kömpel, the Chamber-Musician, had left, Herr Joachim was officially requested to fill up the vacancy thus occasioned, and, from among several candidates, Herr Grün, then a member of the Ducal Chapel in Weimar, and not a pupil of Joachim's, was selected, with an express promise that he should eventually succeed to Herr Kömpel's appointment. Joachim's letter on the subject to Grün was written at the particular wish of the Intendancy, and the promise contained in it made upon authorization delegated for that object. There was no question of any qualification being required beyond the range of art. After Herr Grün had served with distinction several years as a member of the Royal Chapel, Joachim reminded the Intendancy of the obligation they had contracted to give Herr Grün a permanent engagement. He received from the Intendancy the astounding answer that insurmountable obstacles, consisting probably in the fact of Herr Grün's professing the Jewish persuasion, would be found to the appointment. Herr Grün, naturally feeling no inclination to continue a member of the Chapel, simply on sufferance, and without any hope of advancement, tendered his resignation. Joachim, on his side, finds it equally natural to perceive in the practical denial of his authority to make the offer an imperative ground for asserting his position by resolutely throwing up his place.

The costly contents of Meyerbeer's library, which hitherto were scattered and imperfect, have now been gathered and are to be assigned to the Royal Library, Berlin, according to the will of the late owner. The collection contains a valuable treasure, namely old, rare, and in many cases long-lost scores from the earliest days of opera, as well as many costly prints and manuscripts belonging to all ages of music. Only so assidatous an antiquarian as Meyerbeer, and one of equal means, could ever have collected these valuable works.

Felice Romani, the writer of the librettos of Norma, La Sonnambula, Lucia di Lammermoor, &c., died recently, at Turin, after a short illness.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13 .- Piano-forte playing has of late years been so prominent an element in our concerts, that it fast promises to become, not merely (what it is already, except when of the very highest stamp), a bore, but a positive nuisance, for which we can see no remedy except in some such law as that which has of late been passed in England, to the detriment of organ grinders, and to the delight of all who have ears to hear, and nerves to suffer. The principal cause of this excess of piano forte study is, doubtless, to be found in the comparative ease with which a certain degree of perfection may be attained on the instrument, and the consequent security to the student of a means of daily bread in the exercise of his acquired dexterity. Another cause is, doubtless, the increased and continually increasing improvement made by various modern manufacturers in their instruments. A third, probably, is the mania among sheep of the human species to "follow the lender," for, piano playing is unquestionably "fashionable" in our day. Of course this mania will have its re-action, like all others; then we shall see the piano take its proper place among first-class concert instruments. though it will be less inordinately pre-eminent than in our day. At present, however, the violin, harp, &c., step decidedly into the background in the majority of concert programmes; while that noblest of all instruments, the human voice, seems to have been also infected with the vulgar epidemic of "execution" at all hazards, and is too often, when naturally fine, made a mere medium for shallow feats of flexibility, the result of patient study of mechanism, admirable in its way, but despicable when made the aim, and not the means, and then a certain proof of senseless, soulless lack of artistic inspiration. But all pianist concert-givers do not care to introduce even this rival, or shall we say, fraternal element into their programmes; with some of them, he or she is the singer most to be desired, who will "assist" for little or no compensation, and whose artistic, or executive merits are not likely to interfere with his claim to the admiration of the quiet connoisseurs, or the applause of the noisy trick lovers among his audience. It is not to be supposed that New York is free from what Heine has called "the piano forte curse;" on the contrary, on looking over the concert programmes of this season, we find that concerts either given by pianists, or in which a pianist has been set forth as the principal attraction, have been so far in the largest proportion. Foremost, or most frequently to be heard among the pianists now before our public we find MILLS, WEHLI and PATTISON.

There are people, who, possessed of limited intellectual resources, are yet determined to penetrate into the world of art; although the sphere of mediocrity is that to which they really belong, although they are disregarded by all intelligent connoisseurs, they have boldness to make use of any means, by the aid of which they may attain a position, to which they have not the slightest claim by right of talent or knowledge. We honor the aspiring man; but in our day, only remarkable natural gifts and uncommon mental cultivation give a right to assume the title of artist; a position, resting on puffery alone, is only for the moment, and utterly valueless in the kingdom of art. Mr. PATTISON is not a musician from inward, spiritual necessity: but as a wadesman selects the business of a baker, shoemaker, tailor, etc., so has he chosen the piano-forte as his business. By means of an industry that does him credit, he has attained a moderate degree of technical facility, sufficient to impose on a certain class of people, but not enough to give him a right to step within the artistic circle, even on the score of an artist's least qualification, "execution." His playing is in the highest degree incorrect; he has a hard and disagreeable touch; while in quick passages of chords and octaves it seems almost a matter of indifference to him what keys he strikes. Not the faintest breath of poesy floats through his playing. Pattison has given several "Soirées Musicales" this winter; his repertoire consists in great part of pieces of his own manufacture. But he also honors the compositions of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others, with his own very peculiar interpretation. His fourth soirée, however, completely outshone the rest. Here you have printed what he proposed to do, and what he actually accomplished:

what he actually accomplished:

Mr. Patterson takes pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the modern works for the Pianoforte, he proposes to present to the public, (for the first time in this country) lituatrations of the earlier schools of Pianoforte compositions extant in the 16th century, commencing with selections from Scarlatti, Chambonieres, Pergolese, Rameau and Balbostre, he having secured an instrument similar to those used at that time to aid him in the more perfect representation of the nusic of that date. The instrument used was made one hundred and twenty years ago, in London, and is the Harpsichord and Piano combined. It was purchased by Mr. Jonas Chickering (the founder of the house) half a century ago as activisity, and is kindly loaned for these Solrées by Chickering & Sons. (Here follow the historical numbers of his programme):

The reader will perceive that a century more or less does not matter to him. He advertises to commence with compositions extant in the 16th century, and yet Chambouniéres, Scarlatti and Bach were born in the 17th. (The same date was advertised in large letters on our walls.) We heard the spinet; we heard Mr. Pattison play the compositions of the old masters thereon; and we convinced ourselves in that moment, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Pattison has not even an idea how to handle this respectable old instrument, or to interpret these old, and in their way, characteristic compositions. He renders the history of the piano as ridiculous as that of piano-forte composition. An old recollection came over us as we first listened to the sound of the spinet; a pleasant one, because it reminded us of the days of our first student years, when, free from cares and duties, we had to play our not always conscientiously practised Sonatas of Plevel, Kozeluch, and Clementi, variations of Steibelt, Sterkel, Mozart, Nicolo, on just such an instrument, to our worthy teacher, the grumbling, stubborn old Cantor; unpleasant, because, with their recollection, a certain burning of the ears returned to us, and we involuntarily started back; for we feared lest Pattison's playing might conjure up the angry spirit of the departed Cantor. Had it done so, we are very sure that the modern pianist would have received such a chastisement, as would have entirely deprived him of the slightest desire to parody these works in such a manner in future.

The merit of the newly arrived pianist, WEHLI, consists in an uncommon mastery of the resources of mechanism with both hands. Scales, whether chromatic or diatonic, single, or in thirds, sixths, octaves, the various arpeggi, trills, etc., he accomplishes with much perfection and facility, in the most rapid time. He has the technical means at his command, wherewith to overcome the material obstacles of the most difficult compositions. But he is one of those virtuosos, whose hands we desire to see while be plays, because he does not touch the feelings in even the faintest degree. Where is the use of all the "execution" in the world, unless the poetic, soulful breath of life enlivens the tone form under the fingers of the performer? When we listen to Wehli, we say to ourselves: "He must have practised with wonderful patience and perseverance." But the only true virtuosity is that, in which we forget the player in his playing. He who cannot accomplish this, belongs to the category of vulgar rope dancers. M. Wehli plays his own compositions in preference. These pieces, however, do not deserve the name of compositions; they are concocted out of the most ordinary material. with the view of displaying this or that pianistic dif-

ficulty. However, M. Levi-we beg his pardon, M. Wehli-desires to make money; his public is also mainly formed from the amusement-seeking mass. The following "puff" which was prefixed, by the management we presume, to the programme, is a curiesity, even among those curiosities of humbing, imposture and puffery, which so fearfully corrupt the public atmosphere of New York. Immortalize it by publication, Mr. Dwight; but when our grandchild-ren consult your musico-historical pages, heaven forbid they should conclude that, in our day, the New York musical public was entirely composed of ignorants, without the knowledge necessary to form an opinion of their own regarding the merit of an artist, though this must be decidedly the conclusion of the individual who framed the following

individual who framed the following:

Mr. Wehli will perform, this evening, his celebrated Fantasia on airs from Meyebeer's Grand Opera, the Huguenots, pronounced by the Paris and London Musical Critics to be the chef d'œuvre of Pianoforte compositions. The passages, which consists of sixths and thirds, are such as have never been introduced in modern pieces; they have been considered an imposability, but Mr. Wehli bas overcome the difficulty, and performs them with perfect ease. There are certain passages taken alternately by each hand, but the subject is still preserved intact. The finale is a perfect hurricane of cotaves, amongst which the Charade (Chorale?) of the Opera is distinctly heard.

The Manager draws the attention of the public to this piece, it being a composition the playing of which seems incredible. When its performance took place in Paris before Erards, in the presence of Thuberg, Liest, Rubenstein, Leopold De Mayer, Deyeshock and other most famous Planists and Componers, it was considered the greatest feat ever performed on the Planoforte.

Among the New York pianists Mr. MILLs takes a

Among the New York pianists Mr. MILLS takes a prominent position And not merely on account of his finish as a virtuoso, but also that he endeavors his finish as a virtuoso, but also that he endeavors earnestly to remain true to the spirit of art. His musical cultivation is not one-sided; he does not strive to awaken astonishment by means of this or that species of charlatanism, or to make a speculation out of it;—no, he appears to have a higher aim. He endeavors, by means of untiring perseverance, to become master of the greatest difficulties, and then use those means with a noble object in view; the worthy interpretation of the works of our great masters. Mr. Mills's taste is not one-sided; if he seems to have a preference for this or that master seems to have a preference for this or that master—and who has not his favorite?—he does not exclusively devote himself to any one composer. Whether he plays the works of the classic or modern romantic school, it is with the same care and atten-tion. We may be occasionally of a different opinion tion. We may be occasionally of a different opinion with him in regard to the manner in which he interprets this or that composition, the tempo he takes, his rhythmic handling of the phrase, &c.; still he always gives so fine a picture of the idea laid down by the composer, that we must thank him for a noble enjoyment. If Mr. Mills continues to grow; if his intellectual and technical acquirements continue to be a star of the other ways shall fallen him to keep step one with the other, we shall follow his ar-tistic development with the greatest interest, and gladly see him enter the ranks among the greatest

pianists of our day.

Mr. Mills is at present giving a series of soirées for pianoforte music; here is the programme of the first. It is quite unnecessary to say anything about the value of these compositions; each one bears the stamp of its gifted creator.

tamp of its gifted creator.

Rondo, for two Pianos. F. Chopin.

Sonata, in D. Scarlatti.

Prelude and Fugue. C minor. Rach,
Intermessi, Op 4, bk. 2. R. Schumann,
Allegretto semplice. Allegro moderato.

Finale Allegro.

Etudes b No. 7, Op. 25. F. Chopin.

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 10. Lisst.

While we are on the subject of planiets.

While we are on the subject of pianists, we cannot omit mentioning the name of one of our resident artists, who is only too seldom heard in public—especially since he has just given us that opportunity—we mean Mr. RICHARD HOFFMANN. In the Philharmonia concert of last Saturday evening the Philharmonic concert of last Saturday evening he played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor. Mr. Hoffmann, in appearance and manner, as well as in his playing, makes the favorable impression on his audience of a modest, amiable, and conscientious artist. Without attempting to make a "sensation" in any way, he seems busied with the task alone. He played the concerto with correctness; every passage and trill clear and pure; in short, the whole composition was well interpreted. The only thing we could have desired in addition, was rather more breadth and passion in some places, even at the expense of a few false notes; Mr. Hoffmann's delivery was a little too clegant, especially in the first movepenso or a rew raise notes; Mr. Hormann's delivery was a little too elegant, especially in the first movement—Beethoven strikes as with an iron mallet sometimes—but it is always done with art, of course.

Mr. Hofmann's technical capabilities are uncommon, but he is too sparing of his fine talent; art needs all her apostles to preach the true Evangel, for we have too many Pharisees here, who defile the temple. Here is the programme of the Philharmonic concert :

3. Rondo Allegro.

1. Allegro. 2. Largo. 3. Rondo Allegro. Mr. Richard Hoffman. PART II. Overture, "Medea," Op. 22, in F minor, (1st time)

"Credo," from the Graner Mass, for mixed Chorus. Liest.
Orchestral accompaniment
German Liederkrauz of New York.
"Le Carnaval Romain," op 9. in A. . . . Berlioz.
Conductor, Mr. Carl Bergmann.

The overture, to "Medea," written by a comparatively young, and not widely known composer, is in every respect a noble work. The influence of Schumann is not to be mistaken in the composition; but it is not so conspicuous as to be detrimental to its originality. This overture hears witness to the genial talent, and studious cultivation of its author, and leads us to expect much that is remarkable from him. The Liederkranz sang badly on this occasion, and the director of the society did not appear to have the faintest idea of the spirit of Palestrina's music. Again, Liszt's Credo would have gained much more, had the director's bâton been given to the hand of M. Bergmann. At least, we might then have had some inkling of what Liszt intended when he wrote that Credo; at present we are in total darkness on the subject.

The principal event of the Italian Opera season, of late, has been the production of Verdi's latest opera, "La Forza del Destino." As to the plot, suffice it to "La Forza del Destino." As to the plot, suffice it to say, that it is a horrible one, more horrible than tragic in the noble sense; that while the incidents of the libretto offer much opportunity for brilliant stage effects, there is a great deal in the book that causes such interest as it awakens, to tire; and the whole needs important cuts and alterations, before it can become thoroughly successful with even that superficial class of opera goers, to whom Verdi's operas are especially dear. The music is full, not only of reminiscences, but of proofs palpable of Signor Verdi's study of Wagner, Gounod, and Weber. We never regard it as a sign of deficiency of genius or native originality, when a youthful writer at first shows a disposition to trend in the steps of his gifted predecessors; on the contrary, we regard it as a mark of that studious diligence, that reverence for lofty ideals, that timid doubt as to his own innate lofty ideals, that timid doubt as to his own innate strength, which infallibly accompanies the young and inexperienced composer of genius. But when we see a man of long and practised experience, like Verdi, past his fiftieth year, giving unmistakable signs of a disposition, not to a change of one original style for another—that is often seen—but to the instanton of his successful contamporaries we are imitation of his successful contemporaries, we are led to one of two conclusions . either that the composer is conscious that his own well-spring of inspira-tion is becoming so dry, that it is necessary for him to dip his pitcher at the fountain of others; or that he has become convinced that his life-long course of composition has been in a false direction, and that perhaps it is still not too late to mend. Suppose we give him credit for the latter conviction; we honor him from the bottom of our heart, provided he acts truly up to it, while, at the same time, we cannot avoid a doubtful shake of the head. The most suc-cessful numbers of the opera in question are unposer is conscious that his own well-spring of inspiracessful numbers of the opera in question are un-doubtedly the choruses and concerted pieces; that of doubtedly the choruses and concerted pieces; that of the muleteers, students, pilgrims, &c., in the first scene of the second act, that of the monks, at the couclusion of the same, perhaps the best. The vi-vandière chorus is much applauded, but is trivial in the extreme. There is also a scene between Mili-tone and beggars, not without comic character. In the solo numbers, Verdi's deficiency of melody, and abundance of reminiscential idea, is most conspicuous; however, the music given to the heroine, Leonora, has much nobility of expression. The part of the baritone is effective, that of the tenor of less importance; the part of the mezzo soprano, Preziosila, a gipsey, is capable of being made very characteristic in the hands of a singer, of powerful voice and dashing action; and having two or three numbers of a light and popular style, is effective even as we have the part represented here. Mme. Zucchi, as Leonora, is careful and dramatic; but her intonaas Leonora, is careful and dramatic; but her intonation has become so false since the commencement of the season, owing either to the trying climate, or over-exertion, that it painfully mars her best efforts.

MASSIMILIANI is quite inadequate to the position as primo tenore here, although he shows signs of improvement. The opera is put on the stage with much display, and more incorrectness. Ask the

traveller, or the historical student of costume, what is his opinion of those extraordinary dresses, which we are told to accept in the opera as old Spanish and Italian? (Mme. Znechi should be excepted from censure, however.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 18, 1865.

END OF THE VOLUME. The present number closes the 24th Volume, and the thirteenth year of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. The two volumes, 23 and 24, will bind together conveniently as one, and with this view the pages of the two are numbered continuously; and a common Title Page and Index replace, this time, the usual four pages of Music.

Concerts of the Past Fortnight.

BOSTON MCSICIANS' UNION. The two Sunday evening concerts by the united forces of the orchestras and bands (comprising not "a mammoth orchestra o f 150 accomplished musicians," but a large orchestra of from 90 to 95 musicians, many of them accomplished), were remarkably successful. The Boston Thea tre was crowded to excess the first time, making the repetition on last Sunday evening imperative. The charitable, or, what is better, the fraternal object of the concerts must have been largely furthered, and a substantial nucleus formed for a mutual Benefit Fund for sick and needy musicians.

Musically, the concert was a great deal better than we had dared to hope under the circumstances. Ninety musicians brought together for the first time. to play the C minor Symphony (many of them for the first time), might keep time together and give a spirited performance, as they did, for they all seemed excited and inspired beyond their wont; but that there should not be roughnesses, was too much to expect. The Music Hall would probably have revealed more of these; on the stage of the Theatre they were in a measure swallowed up. The audience were delighted with the sonorous masses of the various tone-colors : it was refreshing for once to be able to hear the violins, and even the violas, and to feel the weight and volume of nearly a dozen doublebasses. There was more effect, more even of light and shade, than we had thought possible. In size, this extempore orchestra was just about equal to what is called the grand orchestra in the leading Operas and Symphony Concerts in Europe, as Leipzig Gewandhaus, Berlin Royal Orchestra and Royal Opera, Grand Opera in Paris, Covent Garden, Dresden Opera, &c. But the proportions (not to speak of efficiency) were very different. There, wind is represented by the usual pair of each instrument of wood or brass, with double pair of horns and trumpets, and a small reserved force, for special purposes, of extra trombones, fagottos, &c., leaving all the rest to the great mass of strings. Here we had 16 first violins, 16 second, only 7 violas, only 4 or 5 violoncellos to 11 double basses; 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 4 clarinets; only one fagotto (the second), with a 'cello to replace the first; from 6 to 10 trumpets (according to the piece,) 6 to 8 horns, 6 or 7 trombones, and sometimes three huge ophicleids. Brass predominated, because most of our musicians are workers in brass; brass bands are our fatality. Hence the programme had to be so composed as to make them all available; and our brass musicians are skillful in their way. But we cannot agree with Mr. Zerrahn, that it was wise to load the last movement of the Symphony, the march, with half a dozen trombones and three ophicleids: power and full blaze it gave, to the three chords especially, but at the same time coarseness and a loud-ness, more fatiguing than edifying, to the whole finale.

The Leonora Overture (No. 3) also had some good effects; the trumpet flourish was never rendered more expressively here. But the best success of this

peculiar combination of forces was in the "Fackel" tanz" by Meyerbeer; there we had beautiful traits of sonority achieved, now by half a dozen trumpets playing softly, now by a crackling blaze of as many trombones, and now by a solid, tranquil, rich mass of violin tone. Wagner's Rienzi overture, which opened the concert, opens well, with a single prolonged trumpet tone, smoothly, finely swelled and diminished by Mr. Arbuckle, followed by a deep murmur of double basses, which moved firmly and solidly together. Indeed, the first half of the overture is interesting and exciting, but in the latter half it runs out into noisy commonplace. Chopin's Funeral March, as arranged for orchestra (by whom we know not) sounded in the main quite impressive; but we were puzzled (the last time) to conceive what could be the meaning of that odd reiteration of the closing phrase, like Yours, &c., three times over, at the bottom of a letter.

Mr. LANG played the Andante and Capriccio (op. 22) of Mendelssohn very beautifully on a Chickering Grand Piano of remarkable power, as well as pure, sweet, musical quality, or the performance would have been lost in that place. The Orpheus sang a part song, Hauptmann's "Abendruhe," finely, without accompaniment; but the place did not favor their voices. Mrs. CARY's rendering of "O rest in the Lord" was artistic and with true feeling, as usual; and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN never did himself more credit than in the noble bass air: "It is enough;" indeed we are not sure that it ever was done better in this city.

In the repetition, the "Tell overture was substituted for Leonora, and made an immense effect; Mr. Wheeler sang Handel's "Thy Rebuke," and Miss Houston "Hear ye, Israel," both very acceptably; and Meyerbeer's March in "The Prophet" closed the

We wish, now that the musicians have found that they can work so well together, they would keep more in this line of practice, and give us concerts of this sort more frequently-only with somewhat less of brass; more 'cellos, bassoons, &c., will come along we trust, before a great while, if such occasions are created for them. The musicians were happy in their success, and they had a right to be. They testified their satisfaction with their leader, Mr. Zerrahn, by the presentation of a sumptuous bâton.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, for their fourth and last subscription concert, which was uncommonly interesting one, and eagerly attended,

Orchestral Union. The Symphony of the last concert was Beethoven's No. 1, in C, which, although the least and youngest of the nine, is heard every time with an increasing interest; we have rarely heard the humorsome finale brought out so well as it was this time. The overtures were Herold's to Zampa for entrée, and Auber's to La Sirene for exemt; the waltz, "Carnavals-Botschafter" by Strauss. The solo-playing was of rare excellence; Mr. Arbuckle's trumpet sang a German ballad with a remarkably smooth and sweet, yet manly tone. The great feature, however, of the concert was the young Mr. Henry Suck's playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (in E minor). Mr. S. has certainly improved vastly by his study abroad; he is now an artistic master of his instrument. In truth and purity of tone, in even execution and nice phrasing, in chaste style free from all affectation, he is what a sound taste could wish. sound taste could wish.

The want was that of strength, power, broader

tone and stronger grasp; we could not always fairly hear him; in those long and trying bravura passages the fire seemed to go out; the strength failed him in leading up through those vigorous crescendos to the tutti forte of the orchestra. How far this was only fear for the time being, and how far temperament, we cannot say. The piece presents a formidable task, we can only wonder that he acquitted himself so well; the slow movement was beautifully played.

MILE. HELENE DE KATOW AND MR. WEHLI We have little taste for virtuoso concerts, generally, but we must own to having spent a pleasant evening in listening to the fair Russian violoncellist and the English pianist, in the Tremont Temple, on Wed-English pianist, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening. It was a pretty thing, also, to hear the flexible and clear high voice and facile florid execution of Miss Laura Harris, albeit it was passionless and Sontag's "Echo Song" found but a feeble echo in this little maid. We were chiefly interested in the Russian lady, as being the most unique and, we may say, musically possessed phenomenon. Her generous face and figure, the whole form, full of life like some noble animal, her tasteful costume, graceful movement, and a certain unffusion of musical expression over the whole of her. snffusion of musical expression over the whole of her prepossessed you in her favor. As she gracefully and almost passionately class her instrument, it seems to be a parcel of her life, and she looks like a muse, not the tragical Grecian muse, but with a certain Slavic fire in her. She discourses excel-lent music; the tone not the strongest and broadbut rather feminine, and true, musical, searching and expressive. The movements of her hands and arms, as well as the vibrating strings, seem instinct with the music in her soul.

Mr. Wehli played only his own compositions (if such they can be called), which are mainly in the Thalberg style. He has wonderful execution, with a quiet, refined, gentlemanly manner. His touch is exceedingly delicate and vital, his passages, trills fioriture, and all that, as fine and even as can be desired. His great force is playing with the left had sired. His great forte is playing with the left hand, entire pieces, broadly harmonized, of great difficulty: —such pieces as might be played just as well with both hands; therefore why not do it? And of what worth are all the feats of execution when not subordinate to musical intentions? But we think it due to Mr. Wehli to say that his superiority is not merely to Mr. Wehli to say that his superiority is not merely mechanical; there is more than that in it; there is an exquisite grace of expression, shown for instance in his fine rendering of a simple melody, like "Oft in the stilly night;" there is a pervading refinement; there is a fine instinct of symmetry, shown in the construction of his slight and showy but yet felicitous fantasias on which he strings his points of execution; there are foreigned size light and shows. tion; there are fancies airy light and pleasant, some-times original, like the bridge he flings across from the slow trio to the lively strain in his Norma fan-

IN PROSPECT.—There are fine things in prepara-tion for us, both on the grandiose scale and in the select, quiet way. The quiet will come first. Отто Select, quiet way. The quiet will come hist. Offo Dresel is to give another series of Piano forte concerts—eight of them! and such piano concerts as do not fall under the ban of Sir "Laucelot's" displeasure. A main feature in them will be the interpretation of quite a number of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, his 32 wonderful Variations on a little theme in C minor, &c., &c. Also numerous Preludes and Fugues of Bach; besides Schumann, Chopin, and the rest. The concerts will be given at Chickering's on Saturday afternoons, beginning a week from to-

Then there looms large before us the great Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, which will occur near the end of April or the beginning of May. The choral forces have been industriously rehearsing all the winter, and we may hope to hear Israel in Egypt, Elijah, the Messiah, Hymn of Praise, &c., in grand style; besides some Beethoven Symphonies by a Grand Orchestra worthy of the name.

MISS HOSMER'S " ZENOBIA."-This noble statue M188 HOSMER'S "ZENOBIA."—This noble statue is soon to be withdrawn from public view, and those who delay their visit, at the beautiful store of Messrs. Childs & Jenks, will be disappointed. As a memorial of the pleasure it has given to thousands, Messrs. C. & J. have issued a fine photograph of the work.

Important Musical Invention.

THE CYCLOID PIANO-FORTE.

Under this heading, the New York Tribune claims superiority, over all others, for a Piano of decidedly novel construction, to say the least. It is certainly interesting and plausible to read about, and the idea is so pleasing to the theoretic fancy that one cannot help hoping that it may stand the long test of experience. But newspaper articles so often turn out to be business advertisements in disguise 1 and, fortube business advertisements in disguise! and, fortu-nately, there is time enough, and no lack of excel-lent piano-fortes ad interim. One can afford to wait, so long as he has a Chickering, nicht wahr?—We make room for the larger portion of the Tribune'

There is no article of home luxury to the improvement of which such carnest attention and such costly experiments have been directed as to the pianoforte. During the past twenty years great changes have taken place in the internal construction of the instrument, especially as regards the scale, which has been enlarged so as to admit of a greater length of string. The instrument is now strung with heavier wire, an increase of nearly double over the old style of stringing; the case is also, generally, larger both in depth and length. It would be useless to chronicle the thousand small inventions which were claimed as positive improvements upon the piano, but which were radically of but little importance. Sound boards have been crumpled up, on the pleathat increased vibratory surface was obtained; plates have been insulated and completely detached; bottoms have been taken out; a second sound-board has been added; hammers have been made to strike The instrument is now strung with heavier been added; hammers have been made to strike downward; the case has been half filled with blocks of wood, and again the case has been left entirely empty; the oblique strain of the strings is claimed to have been remedied; iron has been substituted for wood for the cases; the key-board has been arranged with a semi-circular sweep; tuning forks, or metallic tongues, have been substituted for strings; but none of these infinitesimal inventions have succeeded in establishing their claims as permanent improve-ments. The improvements which have really been ments. The improvements which have really been accomplished in the past twenty years are, first, the enlargement of the scale; second, the increased length of the string; third, the heavier stringing; length of the string; third, the heavier stringing; fourth, the increased area of the sounding board; fifth, the increased power of the action and heavier hammers; sixth, the scientific adaptation of the iron plate, combining the utmost possible strength with lightness; and, seventh, the system of over strings in

These accepted and permanent improvements are now adopted by every maker, and the superiority of any one instrument is dependent upon fortuitous circumstances—such as the best-seasoned material, the most skillful artisans in the various departments, and the amount of honest care bestowed upon the manufacture.

The Cycloid piano, made and patented by Lindeman & Sons, of this city, presents a radical change in the form of the piano, and while adopting all the improvements which have resulted from past experience, exhibits a novelty in construction which adds a value to all that has gone before, and presents increased developers of such importance that they can. creased advantages of such importance that they can-not be overlooked. The form of the Cycloid may be described as a square piano with the back corners rounded off. The sweep is very graceful, and the ngly square box is transformed into an elegant piece of furniture, beautifully finished all round, forming an ornament to the parlor, and taking up much less space than the ordinary square piano.

The object designed to be obtained by this change

of form is elegance, compactness and strength. In the square piano the sides and back are glued together, and to strengthen these weak points heavy blocks of wood are inserted, so that the whole space of the two back corners is utterly useless for reverberating purposes. They are simply wasted wood, and are only valuable inasmuch as the blocking they contain strengthens the inherent weakness of the square case.

The Cycloid piano achieves the form of the arch, which is recognized as the type of strength, and is in fact a solid case, in one piece, with no weak spot about it. By the system of constructing the case, more strength is obtained than could be got from a solid block, either cut ont, or bent to the cy-cloid form. The case in fact consists of from twencloid form. The case in fact consists of from twenty-four to twenty-six veneers, one-fourth of an inch thick, of maplewood, glued together; these are placed in a press of the cycloid form, to which are affixed screws of great power. This force is applied equally to every part, which forces out the superfluous glue, and, when cold, these veneers come out a solid mass, having the required cycloid form, with all the strength of an arch, and capable of sustaining any strain of strings that can be applied to it, without "giving" a hair's breadth. The scale of the instrument follows the circle of the case, so that not an inch space is lost; and there is not an angle in the inof space is lost; and there is not an angle in the in-terior to break the continuous flow of the sound. The theory of acoustics in its general laws, as laid down by Chladni and others, may be looked upon as exact and thorough, but individual cases seem to defy all

rule and set the most well-considered theories at defiance. Whether the cycloid form or the square form is the better in theory is a point for savans to decide upon, but the result of the two forms is palpable to every ear, learned or unlearned. The tone of the cycloid is as solid as that of a grand piano-forte; it is not merely loudness, which is always liable to impure and loose vibrations, but it is the largest amount of sonority, with the greatest purity in quality of tone. A powerful player can use it as be would a grand, and he gannot break the tone; he cannot thin it or confuse it by forced diverging vibrations. Gott-schalk tested it in every way to the utmost, and acknowledged that it triumphed over the test that he had applied.

But it is not in force alone that the purity of the Cycloid is pre-eminent; in the medium tone and in the pianissimo it is surpassingly beautiful, and even the soft pedal can be used without destroying the pure and individual quality of the tone. In addition to this, while each tone is round and distinctive, in close or spread harmony, no one tone predominates, but a perfect accord of combined tones swells up to the fingers, and dies out without one dominant vibration. The "singing" power partakes of the same purity of quality. It can be prolonged in a remarkable degree, and the quality of the vibration does not change or "lift," but preserves its roundness until the sound has ceased. The Cycloid possesses one other point of superiority over the common square piano, namely the power of standing in tune. The whole structure is so compact, so solid, so rigid and unyielding in its strength, that it will remain up to concert pirch from its first tuning, allowing for the stretching of the strings, and will not fall a shade for months.

Worcester, Mass.—The "Star" of the Palladium describes the last concert of the Mozart Society:

The fourth concert of the Mozart Society:

The fourth concert of the series, given by this Society and the Mechanics' Association, was one of the best of the season, despite the absence of two of the leading vocalists, Miss Fiske and Mr. Richards, whose places were filled, at a late hour, by Mrs. A. S. Allen and Mr. Hammond, who acquitted themselves most creditably, in the somewhat difficult isolos of Romberg's ode, the "Transient and the Eternal." The performance of the work, was, for the most part, excellent. The choruses were sung in good time and tune, and with that expression which this especially requires. In this the society was materially assisted by the organist, Mr. Lang, of Boston, whose merit as an accompanist wins attention by its unobtrusiveness. Under his fingers the organ becomes secondary to the singers, and yet leads them, so far as an instrument should lead or support. Among the best points of the performances were the chorus, "The cedar braves the storm;" Mr. Thompson's recitative, "Dust shall be dust;" the trio, "Though the karp mourn;" Mrs. Allen's solo, "A holy spirit loving goodness;" the duet "There the tints of the mourn fude not;" and the fine concluding choral, "There dwells the theme of Klopstock's holy hymn," and the final quartet, "To the spirit." After the Ode—which will bear repetition another season, Mr. Lang played selections for the Organ, introducing several of the softer stops, flute, vox-humana, melodia, &c., and, in answer to an enthusiastic encore, played Otto Dresel's delicious little "Cradle Song." the "Sweet and low wind of the western Sea," of Temyson's; Mrs. Duane sang, and finely too, "Consider the Lilies!" Mrs. Munroe gave Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" in a most acceptable manner. One of the leading features of the concert was Mr. Stearns's "Tantum Ergo," a composition of intrinsic excellence, performed for the second time, and improving with acquaintance, which cannot be said of the works of all American composers. It was sung by a quartet and semi-chorus. Mr. Stear

or not he composed it.

At the concluding concert of the series, on Fast evening, Haydn's Oratorio of "The Creation" will be received.

Cherubini's Medea.—The Medea of Cherubini is to be one of the principal novelties this season at Her Majesty's Theatre. It has never yet been heard in England. The Medea will of course be Mdlle. Titiens, who in that great part is likely to present to the operatic world a new Fidelio. Another novelty is to be Mozart's Die Zauberflöte (Il Flauto Magico).

A new opera, "Concini," by Thomas Löwe, has been given with doubtful success in Vienna. The critics blame the composer for slavishly copying Meyerbeer and Wagner, and being trivial in his melodies, and noisy to excess in his instrumentation. Herr Beck is much praised in the part of Concini, Herr Wachtel much abused as Robert.

The director of the Leipsic Theatre is about to try a bold experiment. Between the present time and June, the whole cycle of Shakespeare's Historical Plays from "Richard II." to "Richard III." will be put upon the stage in chronological succession. The arrangement will be that made by Herr Dingelstedt of Weimar, where the same cycle was given in two series of successive evenings.

In the library of San Marco, in Venice, nineteen songs written by Stradella have been discovered. They have been put into Halévy's [?] hands, who has written a pianoforte accompaniment to them.

OPERA IN ITALY. A correspondent of the Londan Musical World, writing from Genoa, Feb. 4th, thus describes the condition of affairs:

For some time now, I have been wandering about, from city to town, and from town to village, for here in Italy, during the Carnival, even large villages have their opera. I have heard a super-abundance of Vertheir opera. I have heard a super-nbundance of Verdi, and very little of either Rossini. Bellini, or Donizetti, numberless squalling prime donne, a quantity of tenori robusti, who seem now to be as plentiful as blackberries, and who, to judge by the applause lavished on them, are the favorites with uneducated audiences; and a certain number of very fair baritones, the preponderance of really good voices decidedly falling to these last, whose principal failing, however is to roar. In a word, I have heard an immense deal of what was not worth hearing, and therefore not worth recording, though at the same time I must acknowledge that some performances which I have at-tended and a few singers whom I have heard, I have listened to with pleasure and moreover think them worthy of notice. I will, therefore, first give a list of the various operas with which the eighty-four thea-tres in Italy commenced this Carnival season, wheretres in Italy commenced this Carnival season, where-by some idea may be formed as to the amount of pop-ularity in which certain operas and composers are held at the present time, and I will then proceed to give a few particulars of v.hat I consider most deserving of mention. The Scala of Milan and the Pergola of Florence opened with Petrella's Contessa d' Amalfi, the Regio of Turin with Verdi's Simon Boccanegra, the Carlo Felice of Genoa with Ferrari's Ultima giorni & Sakh. Parms, with Cardisland. Tell the Arollo of the Carlo Felice of Genoa with Ferrar's Uttim quorin di Suhi, Parma with Guglielmo Tell, the Apollo of Rome with a new opera by a Maestra Secchi (the Government having prohibited the Due Foscari) and Bologna with Il Barbiere. Eleven theatres commen-ced the season with Il Ballo in Maschera, two with Cagnoni's Michele Perrin, one with Romeo and Juliet, one with Don Bucefalo, one with Attila, two with Vittor Pisani, one with Marino Faliero, five with La Traviata, nine with La Favorita, four with I Lombardi, one with Maria di Rohan, one with Scaramuccia, four with Rigoletto, four with I Due Foscari, one with Aroldo. (the least known of Verdi), one with I Vespri Siciliani, two with Ernani, one with Lucia, seven with Pedro:ti's Tutti in Maschera, (one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which seems charming little operas ever written, and which seems to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of Il Ballo in Maschera), three with Il Trovatore, one with Robert E-Diable, one with Poliuto; two with Mercadante's Leonora, one with Roberto Devereux, and ten with operas by composers of no reputation. Four years ago 15 theatres opened with Il Trovatore and 23 with La Traviata; but by the above list it will be seen that this year there is an improvement upon that, which this year there is an improvement upon that, which was undoubtedly a proof of the degenerated state of musical taste in Italy; though even this year Verdi was represented in no less than 37 theatres, while the ever fresh melodies of Rossini were heard in only two towns; and Meyerbeer, one of the most distinguished composers of modern operatic music, held possession of but one solitary theatre, his Robert being given at Pisa, about the most miserable theatre in Italy, with a band and chorus, the execrableness of which is not easily surpassed, although when I had the misfortune of being there it was at least equalled by that of the principal singers.

Of the operas by unknown composers with which the remaining ten thea tree commenced this Carnival season, I have nothing to say excepting that Robert le Diable, with which the season was inaugurated at Vercelli, was not Meverbeer's, but the joint production of Signors Cordiali and Derina. (The rest next time).

Special Motices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Banting. Comic song. Howard Paul. 30
Shows the misfortunes of a fat gentleman, who, by
the advice of Prof. Banting. undertook to diet, and
became a lean man. Comic picture on the title page.

Betty Sands; a sequel to "Johnny Sands."

J. Sinclair. 30

Very good. It seems that Betty was not drowned, after all, but returned home, a cooler, wiser, and wetter woman. It is gratifying to know, that the pair lived together in great harmony afterward, and that this "was the cold water cure" of "John and Betty Sands."

Home and friends around us. F. Abt. 30

A noble song, the words by Charles Swain, and the melody by Abt, in his best style.

You'll not be long away, be sure.

J. H. McNaughton. 30
A song of classical merit, with a good, harmonious horus.

In patient love. Song. W. Davenport. 30
Mr. D. has successfully interpreted the fine words
of Hood, and gives us a melody quite in the style of
a "Gem" from the "German."

I heard a wee bird singing. Linley. 30
One of the charming ballads, sung by Miss Ryan at
the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

We'll soon be marching home. J. Harrison. 30

We all hope so, and shall be very glad to see you;
but in the mean time, here is a good thing for the
"boys" to sing around their camp-fires.

Instrumental.

March of the Medes and Persians, R. Nordman. 30

By this formidable name, is known a brilliant, easy
march, which the Medes and Persians might have
marched to, had they not, unfortunately, appeared
on the stage a few centuries too soon.

Schubert's Serenade. Transcription. B. Richards. 50 Schubert's famous "Ständehen," newly arranged. Always good, in this new form it will have a new lease of life.

Thou art so near, and yet so far. For piano and

Bright star of hope. For piano and violin.

Two excellent pieces, arranged in easy style for home use. They are among the best of the series.

Ravelin Waltz. H. H. A. Cameron. 30
The composer, who halls from the army, naturally gives a warlike title to his waltz, which is quite spir-

Books.

THE HAPPY HOUR. A music book for Grammar schools.

J. B. Sharland. 25

A nice little affair for the boys and girls, quite a number of whom appear in the attractive picture on the title page, engaged in the exercises of their "happy" musical "hour" The compiler is a teacher in our Grammar schools in Boston, and the songs are very carefully selected.

Music av Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

HANDEL'S

EVIDEN TO THE MESSIAH.

SACRED ORATORIO,

THE MESSIAH,

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 174L)

IN VOCAL SCORE,

SEPARATE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE ORGAN OR PIANO-FORTE.

EDITED BY V. NOVELLO.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.

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HAYDN'S

SACRED ORATORIO,

THE CREATION,

(COMPOSED IN THE YEARS HW AND 1706,)

IN VOCAL SCORE,

SEPARATE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE ORGAN OR PIANO-FORTE.

EDITED BY V. NOVELLO.

BOSTON:
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HAYDN'S

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THE CREATION.

part the first.

INTRODUCTION.—REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

RECIT. - Raphael.

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

CHORUS.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters: and God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

RECIT .- Uriel.

And God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness.

AIR

Now vanish, before the holy beams, The gloomy shades of ancient night; The first of days appears. Now chaos ends and order fair prevails: Affrighted fled, hell spirits black in throngs; Down they sink in the deep abyss To endless night.

CHORUS.

Despairing cursing rage attends their rapid fall:

A new-created world springs up at God's command.

RECIT. - Raphael.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so.

Now furious storms tempestuous rage;
As chaff, by the winds are impelled the clouds;

By heaven's fire, the sky is inflamed;
And awful thunders are rolling on high;
Now from the floods in steams ascend reviving showers of rain,

The dreary wasteful hail, the light and flaky

AIR. - Gabriel.

The marvellous work behold amazed
The glorious hierarchy of heaven;
And to th' ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day.

CHORUS.

And to th' ethereal vaults resound The praise of God and of the second day.

RECIT. - Raphael.

And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters called He seas; and God saw that it was good.

ATR

Rolling in foaming billow
Uplifted, roars the boisterous sea.
Mountains and rocks now emerge,
Their tops into the clouds ascend.
Through the open plains out-stretching wide,
In serpent error rivers flow.
Softly purling glides on
Through silent vales the limpid brook.

RECIT. - Gabriel.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.

AIR.

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odours shed;
Here shows the healing plant;
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are
hung;

In leafy arches twine the shady groves O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

RECIT. - Uriel.

And the heavenly host proclaimed the third day, praising God, and saying-

CHORUS.

Awake the harp, the lyre awake, And let your joyful song resound, Cejoice in the Lord, the mighty God: 'or He both the heaven and the earth Iath cloth'd in stately dress.

RECIT. - Uriel.

And God said, Let there be lights in the rmament of heaven, to divide the day from se night, and to give light upon the earth; and t them be for signs and for seasons, and for ays and for years. He made the stars also.

RECIT. - Accompanied.

n splendour bright is rising now the sun, and darts his rays; a joyful, happy spouse, a giant proud and glad o run his measured course.

Vith softer beams and milder light, steps on the silver moon through silent night; The space immense of azure sky, in numerous hosts of radiant orbs adorns. The sons of God announce the fourth day, In song divine, proclaiming thus His power—

CHORUS.

The heavens are telling the glory of God, . The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO.

To-day that is coming speaks it the day, The night that is gone to following night.

CHORUS

The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

TRIO

In all the lands resounds the word, Never unperceived, ever understood. The heavens are telling the glory of God, The wonder of His work displays the firmament.

Part the Second.

RECIT. - Gabriel.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the spen firmament of heaven.

ATD

On mighty pens uplifted soars
The eagle aloft, and cleaves the air
In swiftest flight to the blazing sun.
His welcome bids to morn the merry lark,
And cooing calls the tender dove his mate.

From every bush and grove resound The nightingale's delightful notes; No grief affected yet her breast, Nor to a mournful tale were tun'd Her soft enchanting lays.

RECIT. - Raphael.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth; and God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful all and multiply.

Ye winged tribes, be multiplied, And sing in every tree; multiply, Ye finny tribes, and fill each watery deep; Be fruitful; grow, and multiply, And in your God and Lord rejoice.

And the angels struck their immortal harps, and the wonders of the fifth day sung.

TRIO.

Gabriel.

Most beautiful appear, with verdure young adorn'd The gently sloping hills; their narrow sinuous veins

Distil, in crystal drops, the fountain fresh and bright.

Uriel.

In lofty circles play, and hover in the air,
The cheerful host of birds; and in the flying
whirl.

The glittering plumes are dyed as rainbows by the sun.

Raphael.

See flashing through the wet in thronged swarms. The fish on thousand ways around,
Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan
Sports on the foaming wave.

Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael.

How many are Thy works, O God! Who may their numbers tell!

TRIO & CHORUS.

The Lord is great, and great His might, His glory lasts for ever and for evermore.

RECIT. - Raphael.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind; cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind.

Straight opening her fertile womb,
The earth obey'd the word,
And teem'd creatures numberless,
In perfect forms, and fully grown.
Cheerful roaring stands the tawny lion. W
sudden leap

The flexible tiger appears. The nimble stag Bears up his branching head. With flying mane, And flery look, impatient neighs the noble steed. The cattle, in herds, already seek their food On fields and meadows green. And o'er the ground as plants are spread The fleecy, meek, and bleating flocks Unnumbered as the sands in swarms arose The hosts of insects. In long dimension Creeps with sinuous trace the worm.

ATR.

Now heaven in fullest glory shone; Earth smil'd in all her rich attire; Th' room of air by fowl is fill'd; The water swell'd by shoals of fish; By heavy beasts the ground is trod: But all the work was not complete; There wanted yet that wondrous being, That, grateful, should God's power admire, With lieart and voice His goodness praise.

RECIT .- Uriel.

And God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them.

He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

ATR

In native worth and honour clad, With beauty, courage, strength, adorn'd, Erect, with front serene, he stands A man, the lord and king of nature all. His large and arched brow sublime, Of wisdom deep declares the seat! And in his eyes with brightness shines The soul, the breath and image of his God. With fondness leans upon his breast The partner for him form'd, A woman, fair and graceful spouse. Her softly smiling, virgin looks, Of flow'ry spring the mirror, Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

RECIT. - Raphael.

And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good: and the heavenly choir, in song divine, thus closed the sixth day:

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work; The Lord beholds it, and is pleas'd. In lofty strains let us rejoice, Our song let be the praise of God.

TRIO.

Gabriel and Uriel.

On Thee each living soul awaits, From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food. Thou openest thy hand, And all are filled with good.

Raphael.

But when Thy face, O Lord, is hid, With sudden terror they are struck: Thou tak'st their breath away, They vanish into dust.

Gabriel, Uriel, and Raphael.

Thou sendest forth Thy breath again,
And life with vigour fresh returns;
Revived earth unfolds new strength
And new delights.

CHORUS.

Achieved is the glorious work;
Our song let be the praise of God.
Glory to His Name for ever.
He, sole, on high, exalted reigns.
Hallelujah.



part the Third.

INTRODUCTION .- MORNING.

RECIT .- Uriel.

In rosy mantle appears, by music sweet awak'd, The morning, young and fair; From heaven's angelic choir Pure harmony descends, on ravish'd earth. Behold the blissful pair, Where hand in hand they go: their glowing looks Express the thanks that swell their grateful hearta A louder praise of God their lips Shall utter soon; then let our voices ring United with their song.

DUET .- Adam and Eve.

By Thee with bliss, O bounteous Lord, The heaven and earth are stor'd. This world so great, so wonderful, Thy mighty hand has fram'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be His power, His Name be ever magnified.

Adam.

Of stars, the fairest pledge of day, That crown'st the smiling morn; Thou sun that bright'nest all the world, Thou eye and soul of all;

CHORUS.

Proclaim in your extended course, Th' Almighty power and praise of Gcd;

Eve.

And thou that rul'st the silent night, And all'ye starry host; And everywhere spread wide His praise In choral songs about.

Ye mighty elements, by His pow'r Your ceaseless changes make; Ye dusky mists and dewy steams That rise and fall thro' the air;

Resound the praise of God our Lord: Great His Name and great His might!

Ye purling fountains tune His praise, And wave your tops, ye pines: Ye plants exhale, ye flowers breathe, To Him your balmy scent.

Adam.

Ye that on mountains stately tread, And ye that lowly creep; Ye birds that sing at heaven's gate, And ye that swim the stream.

Eve and Adam.

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord;

CHORUS

Ye creatures all, extol the Lord; Him celebrate, Him magnify.

Eve and Adam.

Ye valleys, hills, and shady woods, Made vocal by our song; From morn to eve you shall repeat Our grateful hymn of praise.

CHORUS.

Hail, bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail! Thy word call'd forth this wondrous frame; The heavens and earth Thy power adore; We praise Thee now and evermore.

RECIT. - Adam.

Our duty we have now perform'd, In offering up to God our thanks. Now follow me, dear partner of my life; Thy guide I'll be; and every step Pours new delight into our breasts, Shows wonders everywhere.

Then may'st thou feel and know the aigh

degree
Of bliss the Lord allotted us,
And with devoted heart His bounties celebrate Come, follow me, thy guide I'll be.

O thou! for whom I am, my help, my shield, My all, thy will is law to me; So God our Lord ordains, and from obedience Grows my pride and happiness.

DUET .- Adam and Eve.

Adam. Graceful consort, at thy side Softly fly the golden hours; Ev'ry moment brings new rapture; Ev'ry care is lull'd to rest.

Spouse adored, at thy side, Purest joys o'erflow the heart: Life and all I have is thine, My reward thy love shall be.

Both. The dew-dropping morn, O how she quickens all!

The coolness of ev'n, O how she all restores!

How grateful is of fruits the savour sweet!

How pleasing is of fragrant bloom the smell!

But, without thee, what is to me The morning dew,—the breath of ev'n, The sav'ry fruit,—the fragrant bloom? With thee is every joy enhanced, With thee delight is ever new, With thee is life incessant bliss, Thine, thine it all shall be.

RECIT. - Uriel.

O happy pair, and happy still might be If not misled by false conceit Ye strive at more than granted is, And more desire to know than know ye should

CHORUS.

Sing the Lord ye voices all, Magnify His name thro' all creation, Celebrate His power and glory, Let His name resound on high. Jehovah's praise for ever shall endure. Amen

THE CREATION.





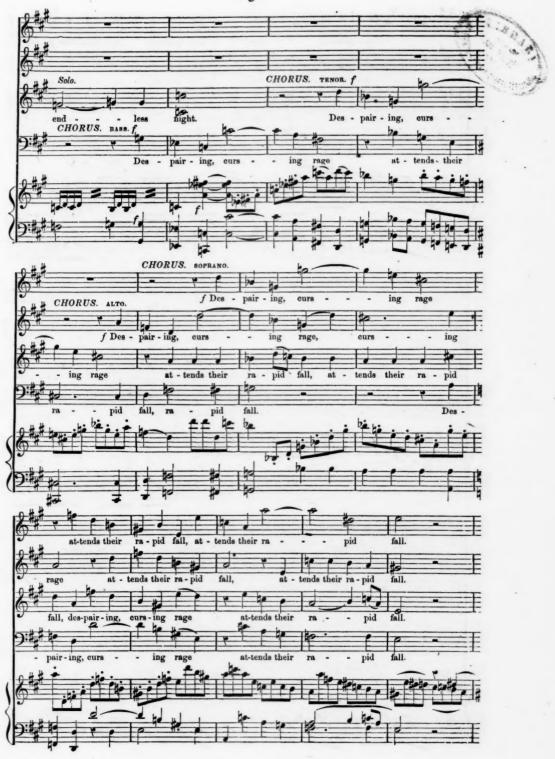






















































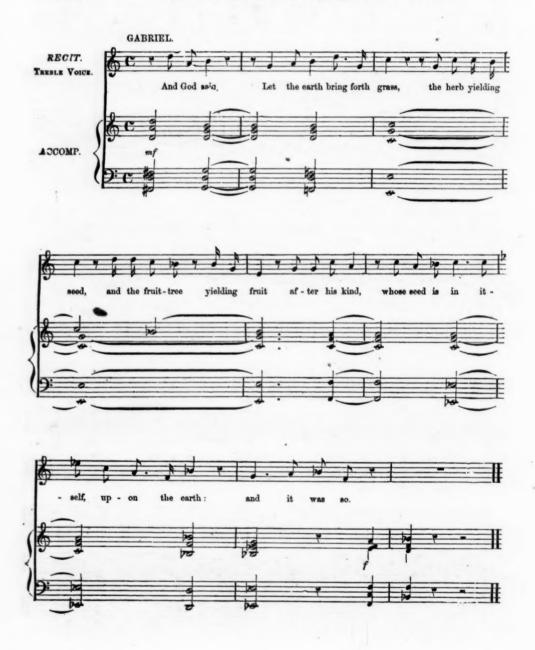




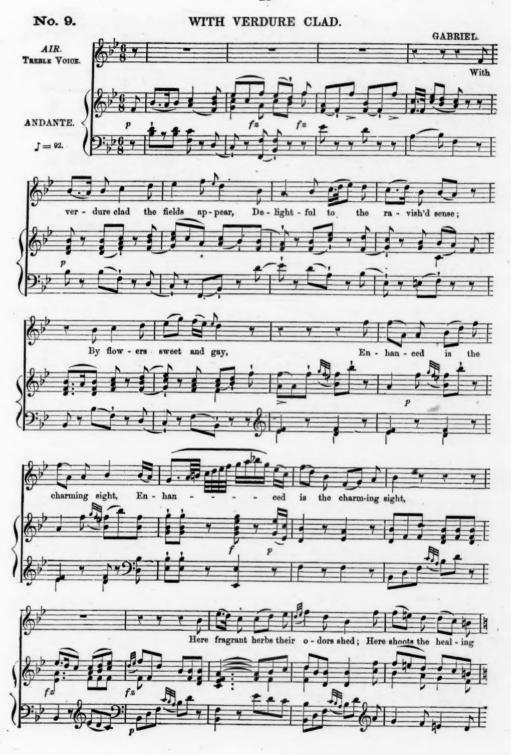




No. 8. AND GOD SAID, LET THE EARTH.







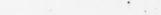




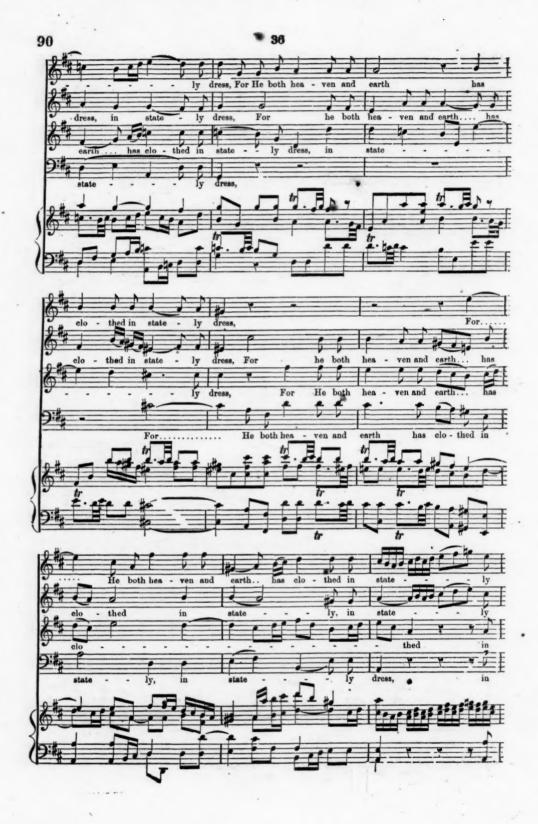














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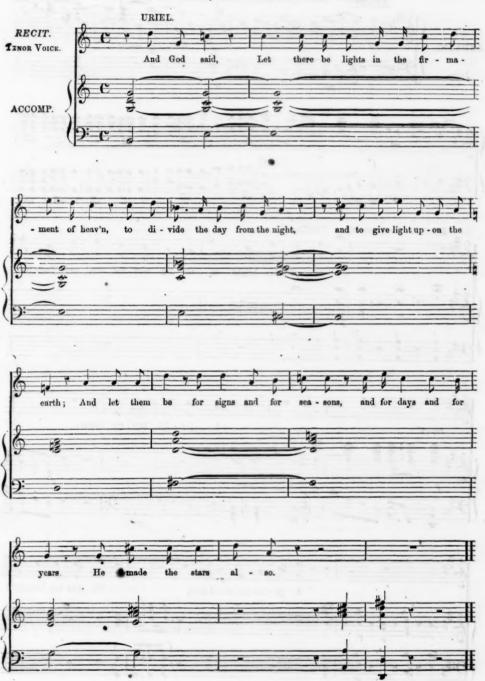
a - wake the harp,

ly dress.





No. 12. AND GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHTS.

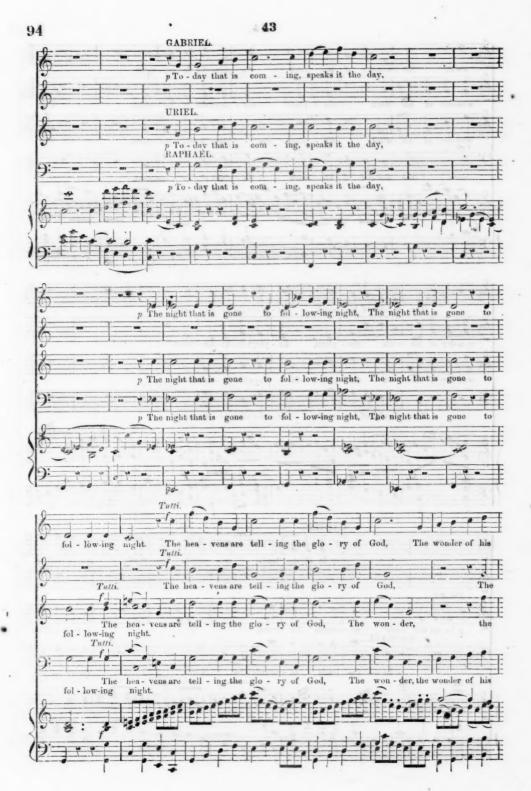




























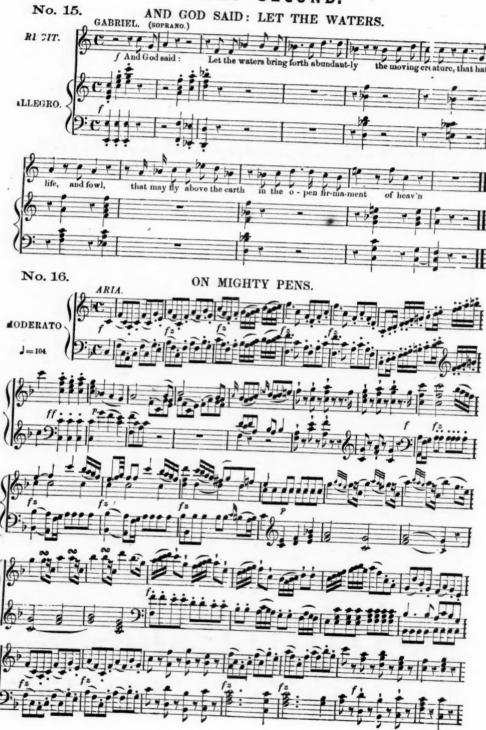








PART SECOND.













No. 17: AND GOD CREATED GREAT WHALES. RAPHAEL. RECIT And God a - ted great whales, ACCOMP. ev'-ry li - ving creature that mo-veth; and God bless-ed them, Be fruit - ful and mul - ti - ply, Ye wing - - ed be mul-ti-plied, and sing on ev'-ry











































































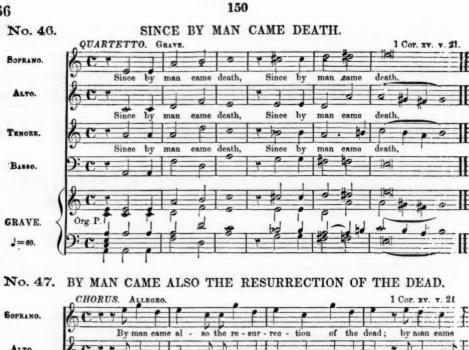
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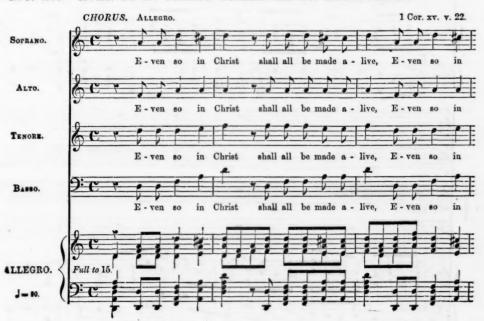








No. 49. EVEN SO IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE MADE ALIVE.

















* The second part of the air is generally omitted when the Oratorio is performed in public,

















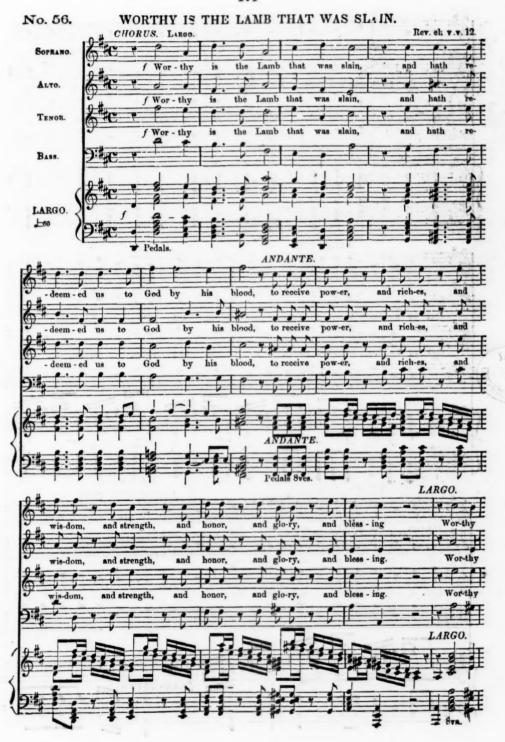
















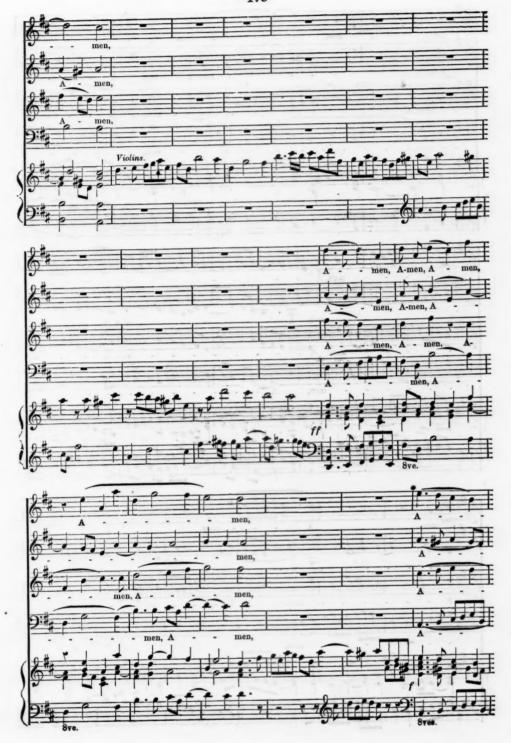




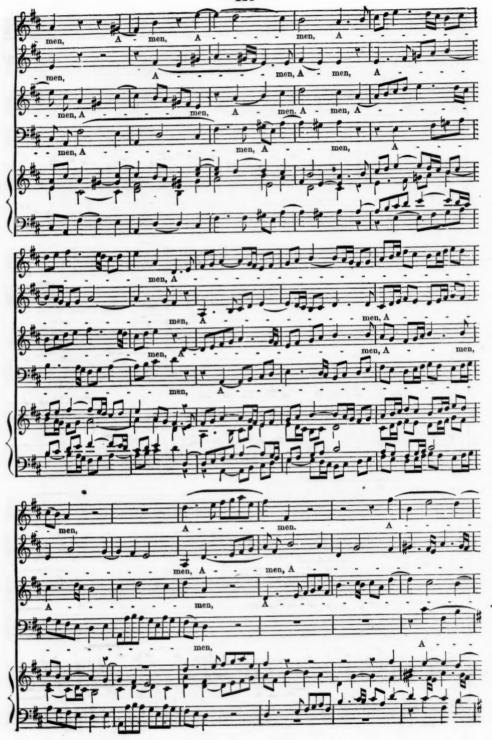


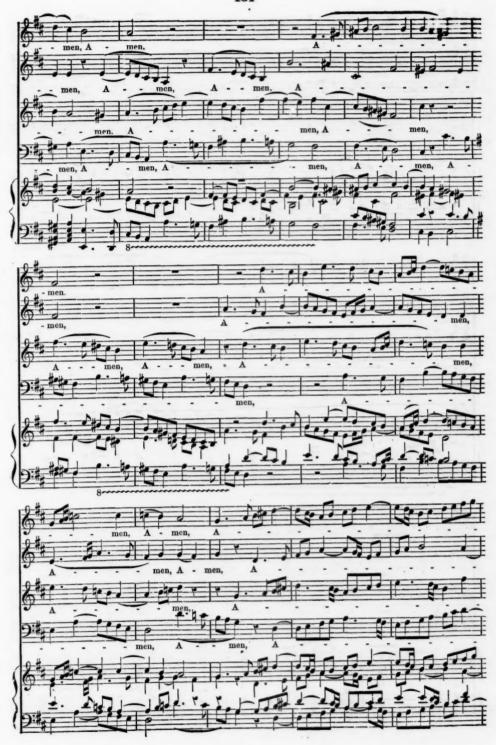




































































































Chopin's Waltzes.









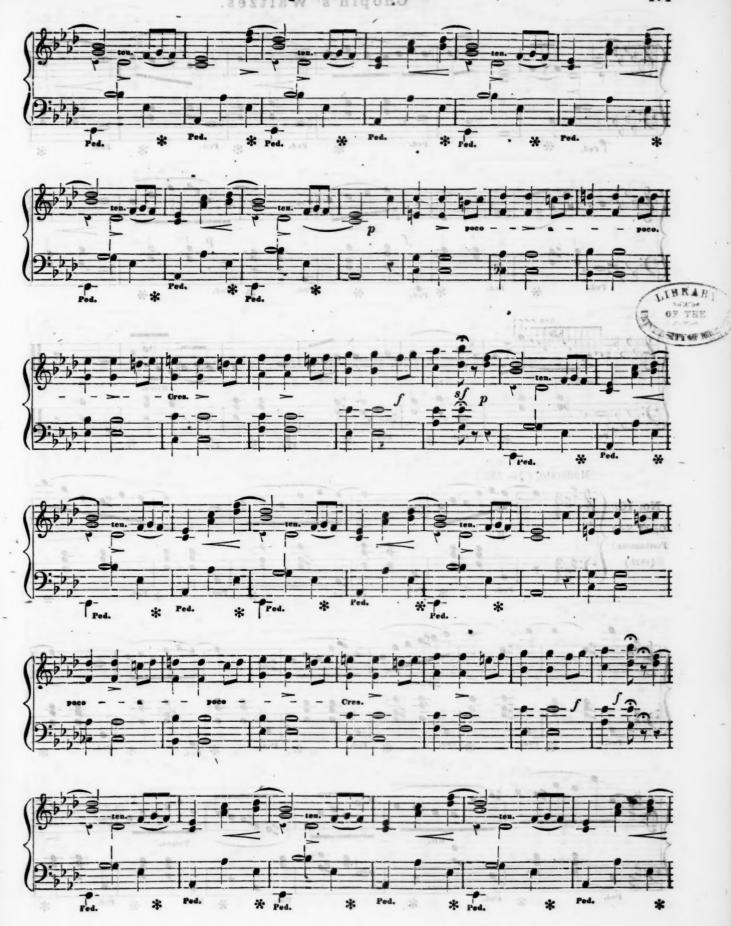






































JOURNAL OF MUSIC --- EXTRA.

THE SINGING SCHOOL, THEORYTICAL AND PRACTICAL

Note.—We issue this Extra for the purpose of announcing a new volume of Church Music of great merit, and presenting a few pages which may be taken as fair specimens of the contents of the work. The great popularity of the author's previous publications will secure an examination of this new candidate for public favor, and we greatly misjudge the character of the book if an examination does not convince our readers that it is the best one of the kind.

THE

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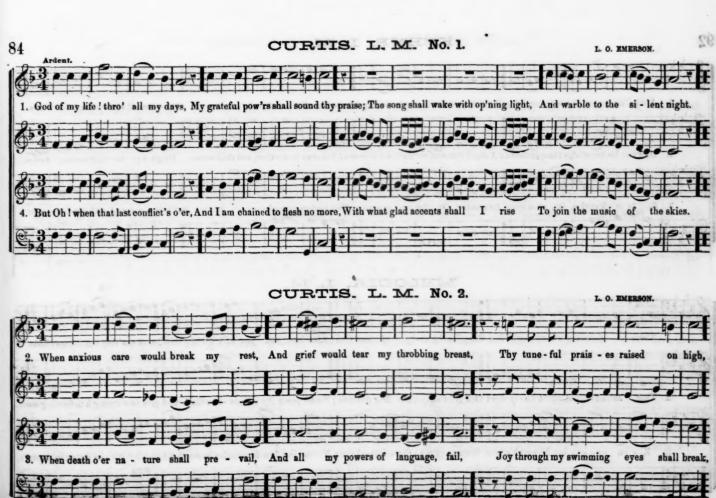
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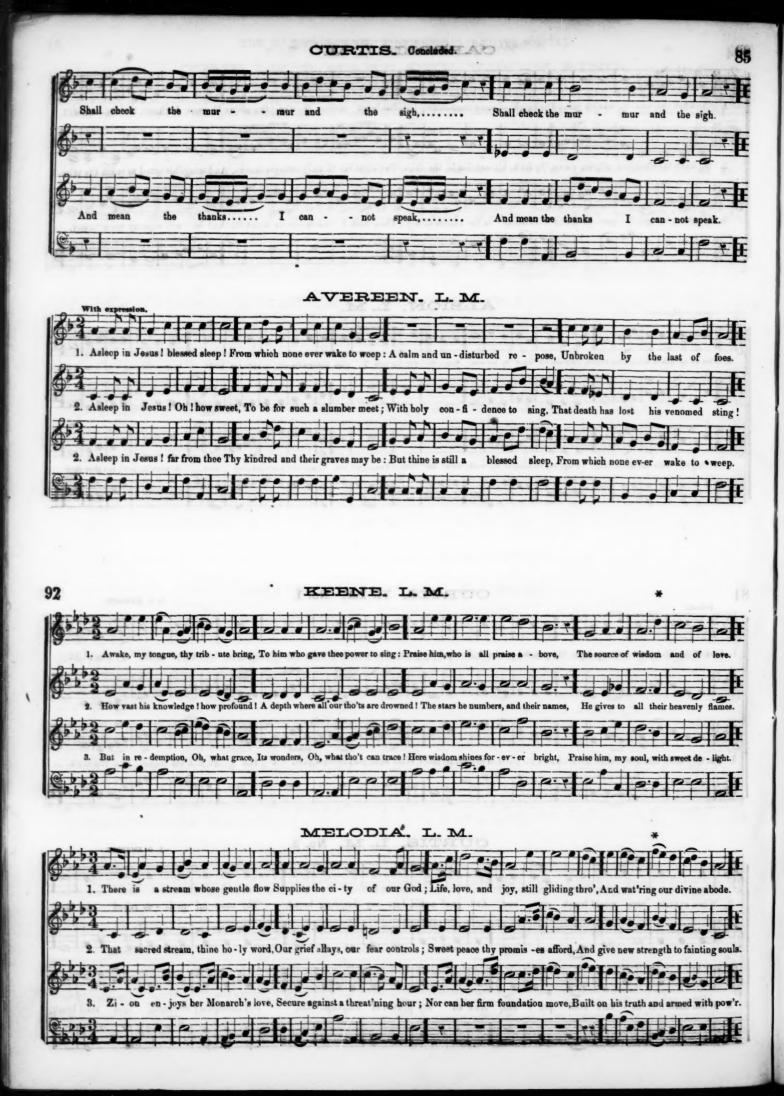
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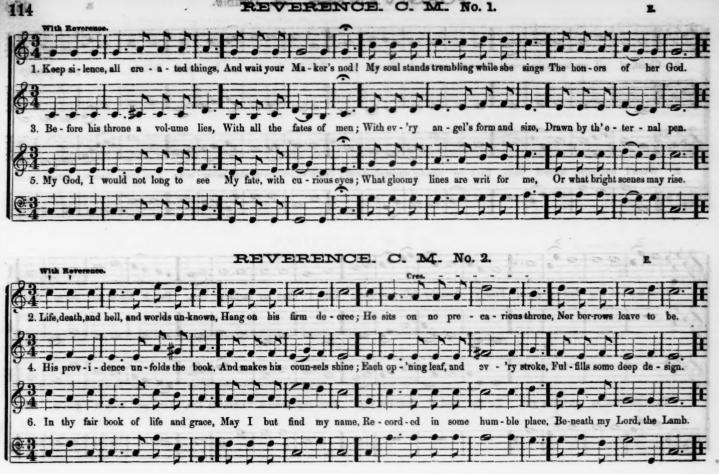


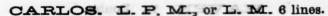


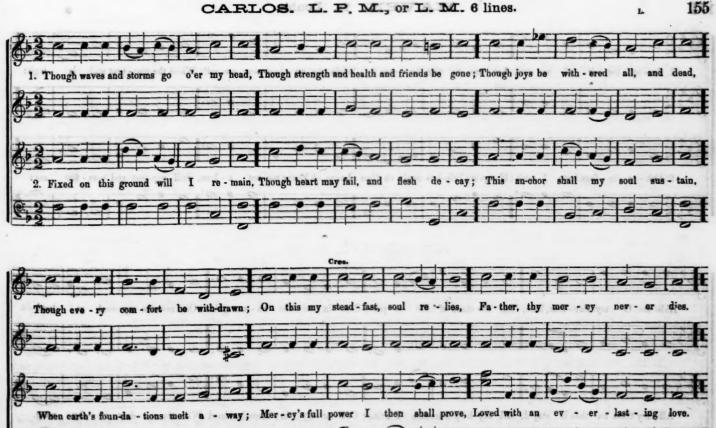




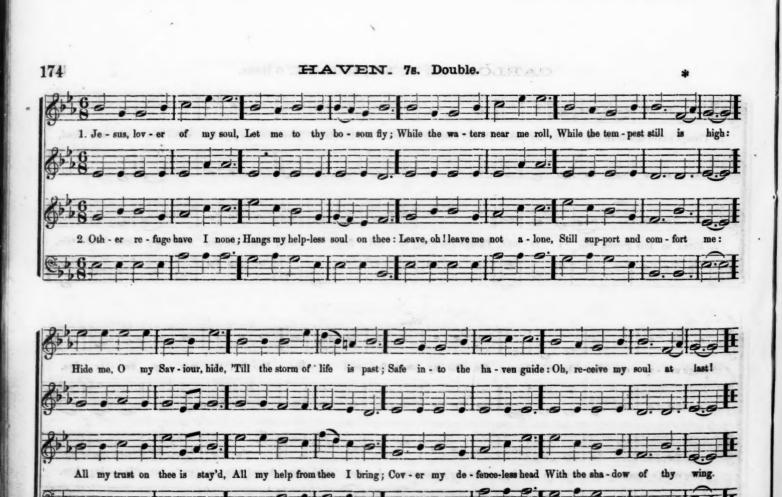
















[40]



* This Duett may be sung by the Soprano and Alto, or Tenor and Bass.



